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Selections.

THE NATIONAL PARDONING POWER

OPINION ON THE PARDONING POWER OF THE PRESIDENT, IN THE CASE OF MESSRS. DRAYTON AND SAYRS.

By the laws of Maryland, 1737, chapter 2, section 1, it is provided that any person "who shall steal any negro or other slave," "or who shall counsel, hire, aid, abet, or command any person or persons" to do so, shall suffer death as a felon. The punishment has since been changed to imprisonment, for a term not less than seven, nor more than twenty years.

Fourteen years later, by the act of 1751, chapter 14, section 10, it was provided that "if any free person shall entice and persuade any slave within this province to run away, and who shall actually run away from the master, owner, or overseer, and be convicted thereof, by confession or verdict of a jury, upon an indictment or information, shall forfeit and pay the full value of such slave, to the master or owner of such slave, to be levied by execution on the goods, chattels, lands, or tenements, of the offender, and in case of inability to pay the same, shall suffer one year's imprisonment without bail or mainprise."

Still later, by the act of 1796, chapter 67, section 19, "the transporting of any slave or person, held to service," from the State, was made a distinct offence, for which the offender was made liable in an action of damages, and also by indictment.

By the act of Congress, organizing the District of Columbia (Feb. 27, 1801), it was declared that "the laws of the State of Maryland, as they now exist, shall be, and continue in force, in that part of the said District which was ceded by that State to the United States, and by them accepted as aforesaid." Under this provision these ancient laws of Maryland are to this day of full force in the District of Columbia.

Messrs. Drayton and Sayrs, on indictment and trial, under the act of 1737, for stealing slaves, were acquitted; the jury rendering a verdict of "not guilty." Resort was then had to the statute of 1796, ch. 67, sec. 19, as follows:

XIX. And be it enacted, that any person or persons who shall hereafter be convicted of giving a pass to any slave, or person held to service, or shall be found to assist, by advice, donation or loan, or otherwise, the transporting of any slave, or any person held to service, from this State, or by any other unlawful means depriving a master or owner of the service of his slave, or person held to service, for every such offence the party aggrieved shall recover damages in an action on the case against such offender or offenders, and such offender or offenders also shall be liable, upon indictment and conviction upon verdict, confession or otherwise, in this State, in any County Court where such offence shall happen, be fined a sum not exceeding two hundred dollars, at the discretion of the Court, one half to the use of the master or owner of such slave, the other half to the county school, in case there be any; if no such school, to the use of the county.

Under this statute, proceedings were instituted by the Attorney for the District of Columbia, against these parties, in seventy-four different indictments, each indictment being founded on the alleged "transporting" of a single slave. On conviction, Drayton was sentenced on each indictment to a fine of $140, and costs, in each case $19 49, amounting in the sum total to $11,802 26. On conviction, Sayrs was sentenced on each indictment to a fine of $100, and costs, in each case $17 38, amounting in the sum total to $8,686 14. One half of the fines was, according to the law, to the use of the masters or owners of the slaves transported; the other half to the county school, or, in case there be no such school, to the use of the county. Afterwards, on motion of the Attorney for the District, they were "prayed in commitment," and committed until the fine and costs are paid. In pursuance of this sentence, and on this motion, they have been detained in prison, in the City of Washington, from April, 1848, and are still in prison, unable, from poverty, to pay these large fines. The question now arises as to the power of the President to pardon them, so at least as to relieve them from their imprisonment.

The peculiar embarrassment in this case arises from the nature of the sentence. If it were simply a sentence of imprisonment, his power would be unquestionable. So, also, if it were a sentence of imprisonment, with fine superadded, payable to the United States, his power would be unquestionable; and the same power would extend to the case of a fine payable to the United States, with imprisonment as the alternative or non-payment of the fine.

But in the present case, the imprisonment is the alternative for non-payment of fines, which are not payable to the United States, but to other parties, viz., the slave owners and the county. It is important, however, to bear in mind, that these fines are mere donation to these parties, and not a compensation for services rendered. These parties were not informers, nor were the proceedings in the nature of a *qui tam* motion.

It should be distinctly understood, at the outset, that the proceedings against Drayton and Sayrs were not at the suit of any informer or private individual, but the prosecution of the United States by indictment. They are, therefore, removed from the authority of the English cases, which protect the share of an informer after judgment from remission, by pardon from the crown.

The power of the President in the present case may be regarded, first, in the light of the common laws; secondly, under the statutes of Maryland and, thirdly, under the constitution of the United States.

First.—As to the common law, it may be doubtful whether, according to early authorities, the pardoning power can be used so as to bar or divest any legal interest, benefit, or advantage, vested in a private individual. It is broadly stated by English writers that it cannot be so used (2 Hawkins, p. o. 392, cap. 37, sec. 34: 17 Vine's Abridgement; 39 Prerogative of King II., art. 7). But this principle does not seem to be sustained by practical cases in the United States, except in the instances of informers and *qui tam* action, while on one occasion, in a leading case in Kentucky, it was rejected (Routt *vs.* Flemster, 7 J. J. Marshall).

But it is clearly established that, where fine is allotted to a public body, or a public office, for a public purpose, it may be remitted by a pardon. This may be illustrated by several cases.

1. As when, in Pennsylvania, the fine was for the case of the county. In this case, the court said, "Until the money is collected and paid into the treasury, the constitutional right of the Governor to pardon the offender, and admit the fine of forfeiture, remains in full force. They can have no more vested interest in the money than the commonwealth, under the same circumstances, would have had; and it cannot be doubted that, until the money reaches the treasury, the Governor has the power to remit. In the case of costs, private persons are interested in them; but as to fines and forfeitures, they are imposed upon principles of public policy. The latter, therefore, are under the exclusive control of the Governor." Commonwealth vs. Denniston, 9; Watts, 142. The same point is also illustrated by a case in Indiana; Holliday vs. the people; 5 Gilman, 214, 217

2. As where, in Georgia, the fine was to be paid to an inferior court, for county purposes. Johns vs. Georgia, 1 Kelly, 606, 610.

3. As where, in South Carolina, the fine was to be paid to the Commissioners of Public Buildings, for public purposes. The State vs. Simpson, 1 Bailey, 378. Or the Commissioners of Public Roads, the State vs. Williams, 1 Nott vs. McCord, 26. See also Rowe vs. State, Bay, 565.

According to these authorities, the portion of the fine allotted to the county, or to the school, may be remitted. Of this there can be no doubt.

Secondly.—The statutes of Maryland, anterior to the organization of the District of Columbia, may also be regarded as an independent source of light on this question, since these statutes have been made the law of the district. And here the conclusion seems to be easy.

By the constitution of Maryland, adopted 14th August, 1776, it was declared—"The Governor may grant reprieves or pardons, for any crime, except in such cases where the law shall otherwise direct." Notwithstanding these strong words of grant, which seem to be as broad as the common law, it was further declared, as if to remove all doubt, by the Legislature, in 1782 (cap. 42), "that the Governor, with the advice of the council, be authorized to remit the whole, or any part, of any fine, penalty, or forfeitures, heretofore imposed, or hereafter to be imposed, in any court of law." Here is no exception or limitation of any kind. By express words, the Governor is authorized to remit the whole or any part of any fine. Of course, under this clause, he cannot remit a private debt; but he may remit any fine. The question is not whether the fine be payable to the United States or other parties, but whether it is a fine. If it be a fine, it is in the power of the Governor.

This view is strengthened by the circumstance that, in Maryland, according to the several statutes, fines were allotted to parties other than the government. The very statute of 1796, under which these proceedings were had, was passed subsequent to this provision respecting the remission of fines. It must be interpreted in harmony with the earlier statute; and as since all these statutes are now the law of the District of Columbia, the power of the President, under these laws, to remit these fines, seems established without special reference to the common law or to the constitution of the United States.

If this were not the case, two different hardships would ensue; first, the statute of 1782 would be despoiled of its natural efficacy; and, secondly, the minor offence of transporting a single slave would be punishable, on non-payment of the fine, with imprisonment for life, while the higher offence of stealing a slave is punishable with imprisonment for a specific term, and the other offence of enticing a slave is punishable with a fine larger than that for transporting a slave, and, on non-payment thereof, imprisonment for one year only.

Thirdly.—Look at the case under the constitution of the United States.

By the constitution, the President has power "to grant reprieves and pardon for offences against the United States, except in case of impeachment." According to a familiar rule of interpretation, the single specified exception leaves the power of the President applicable to all other cases. *Expressio unius exclusio est alcerius.* Mr. Berrien, in one of his opinions as Attorney General, recognises "the pardoning power co-extensive with the power to punish;" and he quotes with approbation the words of another writer, that "the power is general and unqualified, and that the remission of fines, penalties, and forfeitures, under the revenue law, is included in it" (Opinions of Attorney General. vol. ii., p. 756).

On this power, Mr. Justice Story thus remarks: "The power of remission of fines, penalties, and forfeitures, is also included in it; and may, in the last resort, be exercised by the Executive, although it is in many cases, by our laws, confined to the Treasury Department. No law can abridge the constitutional powers of the executive department, or interrupt its right to interfere by pardon in such cases. Instances of the exercise of this power by the President, in remitting fines and penalties, in cases not within the scope of the laws, giving authority to the Treasury Department have repeatedly occurred; and their obligatory force has never been questioned" (Story, Com. on Constitution, vol. ii, sec. 1,504).

It has been decided by the Supreme Court, after elaborate argument, that the Secretary of the Treasury has authority, under the Remission Act of the 3d March, 1797, cap. 361, "to remit a forfeiture or penalty accruing under the revenue laws, at any time, before or after a final sentence of condemnation or judgment for the penalty, until the money is actually paid over to the Collector for distribution; and such permission extends to the shares of the forfeiture or penalty to which the office of the customs are entitled, as well as to the interest of the United States." In giving his opinion in this case, Mr. Justice Johnson, of South Carolina, made use of language much in point. "Mercy and justice," he said, "could only have been administered by halves, if collectors could have hurried causes to judgment, and then clung to the one half of the forfeiture, in contempt of the cries of distress, or the mandates of the Secretary" (United States vs. Morris, 10 Wheaton, 303).

A case has occurred in Kentucky, to which reference has been already made, in which it is confidently and broadly assumed that the pardoning power (under the Constitution) extends even to the penalties due to informers. The following passage occurs in the opinion of the Court: "The act of 1823 says that any prosecuting attorney, who shall prosecute any person to conviction under it, shall be entitled to 25 per cent. of the amount of such fine as shall be collected. The act gives the prosecuting attorney one-fourth of the money when collected, but vests him with no interest in the fine or sentence. Separate and distinct from that of the commonwealth, that would screen his share from the effect of any legal operation which should, before collection, abrogate the whole or a part of it. It would require language of the strongest and most explicit character to authorize a presumption that the Legislature intended to confer any such right. We would never presume an intention to control the Governor's constitutional power to remit fines and forfeitures. If he can, in this way, be restrained in the exercise of his power to remit for the fourth of a fine, so can he be from the half or the whole.

This part of his prerogative cannot be curtailed. With the exception of the case of treason, his power to remit fines and forfeitures, grant reprieves and pardons, is unlimited, illimitable and uncontrollable. It has no bounds but his own discretion. It is no doubt politic and proper for the Legislature to incite prosecuting attorneys and informers, by giving them a portion of fines when collected; but in so doing, the citizen cannot be debarred of his right of appeal to executive clemency" (Routt vs. Flemster, 7 J. J. Marshall, 132).

According to these authorities, it seems reasonable to infer that, under the constitution of the United States, the pardoning power, which is clearly applicable to the offence of "transporting" slaves out of the district, might remit the penalties in question. These penalties, though allotted to the owners and the county, when finally collected, are neither more nor less than the punishment, under sentence of a criminal court for an offence of which the parties stand convicted upon indictment. They can be collected and acquitted only by the United States. No process for this purpose is at the command of the slave owner. He had no control whatever over the prosecution, at any stage, nor did it proceed at his suggestion or information. The very statute under which these public proceedings were instituted, in the name of the United States, secured to the slave owner his private action on the case for damages—thus separating the public from the private interests. These, it seems the duty of the President to keep separate, except on the final collection and distribution of the penalties. Public policy and the ends of justice require that the punishment for a criminal offence should, in every case, be exclusively subject to the supreme pardoning power, without dependence upon the will of any private person. An obvious case will illustrate this. Suppose, in the case of Drayton and Sayrs, it should be ascertained beyond doubt that the conviction was procured by perjury. If, by virtue of the judgment, the slave owners have an interest in the imprisonment of these men, which cannot be touched, then the prisoners, unable to meet these heavy liabilities, must continue in perpetual imprisonment, or owe their release to the accident of private good will. The President, notwithstanding his beneficent power to pardon, under the constitution, will be powerless to remedy this evil. But such a state of things would be monstrous; and any interpretation of the constitution is monstrous which thus ties his hands.—Mercy and justice would be rendered not merely by halves, but, owing to the inability of prisoners, from poverty, to pay the other half of the fine, they would be entirely arrested.

The power of pardon, which is attached by the constitution, to offences, generally, should not be curtailed. It is a generous prerogative, and should be exercised generously. *Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem.* This is an old maxim of the law. But if it be the duty of a good judge to extend his jurisdiction, how much more true is it the duty of a good President to extend the field of his clemency. At least, no small doubt should deter him from the exercise of his prerogative.

The conclusion from this review is as follows:

1. By the English common law, the costs and one half of the fines may be remitted. It is not certain that by this law, as adopted in the United States, the other half of the fines may not also be remitted.

2. Under the statutes of Maryland, now the law of the District, the Governor, and, of course, the President, may remit "the whole or any part of any fine," without exception.

3. Under the constitution of the United States, and according to its true spirit, the pardoning power of the President is co-extensive with the power to punish, except in the solitary case of impeachment.

Several courses are open to the President in the present case.

I. By a general pardon, he may discharge Drayton and Sayrs from prison, and remit all the fines and costs for which they are detained. Such a pardon would effectually operate unquestionably upon the imprisonment and upon the costs, and also to the half of the fines due to the county. It would be for the courts a proper application, and in the exercise of their just powers, to restrain it, if the pardon did not operate upon the other moiety.

Among the opinions of the Attorney General is a case which illustrates this point. In 1824, one Joshua Wingold prayed for a credit, in the settlement of his accounts, for his proportion of a fine incurred by one P. Varney. It appeared that suit was instituted by the petitioner, as Collector of the District of Bath, Maine; on which judgment was obtained in May, 1800, the defendant was arrested and committed to jail, under execution on that judgment; and the fine afterwards remitted by the President. The petitioner contended that the President had no constitutional or legal power to remit his proportion of the fine, the right to which had vested by the institution of the suit. On this Mr. Wirt remarks, that it is unnecessary to express an opinion upon the correctness of this position; "because, if it be correct, the act of remission by the President, being wholly inoperative, as to that portion of the fine claimed by the collector, his legal right to recover it remained in full force, notwithstanding the remission; and it is his own fault if he has not enforced his right at law" (Opinions of Attorney General, vol. i., p. 479).

A general pardon cannot conclude the question so as to divert any existing rights. It can do no wrong. Why should the President hesitate to exercise it?

II. By limited pardon, the President may discharge Drayton and Sayrs simply and exclusively from their imprisonment without touching their pecuniary liability; but leaving them still exposed to proceeding for all fines and costs, to be satisfied of any property they may hereafter acquire.

If the imprisonment had been a specific part of the sentence, as if they had been sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and a fine of $100, beyond all question they might be discharged, by pardon, from this imprisonment. But where the imprisonment, as in the present case, is not a specific part of the sentence, but simply an alternative in the nature of a remedy, to secure the payment of the fine, the power of the President cannot be less than in the former case.

So far as all private parties are concerned, the imprisonment is mere matter of remedy, which can be discharged without divesting the beneficiaries of any rights; and, since imprisonment for debt has been abolished, it is reasonable, under the circumstances, that this peculiar remedy should be discharged.

III. By another form of limited pardon, the President may discharge Drayton and Sayrs from their imprisonment, also from all fines and costs in which the United States have an interest, without touching the rights of other parties.

This would set them at liberty, but would leave them exposed to proceedings at the instigation of the owners of the "transported slaves," if any should be so disposed.

IV. By still another form of pardon, reference may be made to the Maryland statute of 1782, under which the Governor is authorized "to remit the whole, or any part, of any fine," without any exception therefrom; and this power, now vested in the President, may be made the express ground for the remission of all fines and costs due from Drayton and Sayrs.

By this form of pardon, the case may be li... as a precedent, hereafter, to a very narrow circle of cases. It would not in any way affect cases arising under the general laws of the Union.

In either of these alternatives, the great object of this application would be gained—the discharge of these men from prison. CHARLES SUMNER.

May 14, 1852.

TO THE LIBERTY PARTY OF THE COUNTY OF MADISON.

PITTSBURG, August 13, 1852.

I have obeyed your wishes, and attended the Pittsburg Convention. It closed its labours last evening.

I came to the Convention with very little hope that it would take what I deem to be the proper ground of a political party. It has not taken it distinctly—perhaps not at all. But whether it has or has not taken it, it has come much nearer to it than I feared it would. Again, while I shall go home less displeased with the proceedings of the Convention than I feared I should be, I shall, also, go home entertaining far more favourable opinions than before of the mass of the Abolitionists. I think I am safe in saying, that of the thousands who came to the Convention, there are not five hundred, nor three hundred, who are not with us in spirit and in principle. Not only is it true that Charles Durkee and General Paine of Wisconsin are heartily and wholly with the Liberty Party, but it is also true that those noble men are, in this respect, no more than fair specimens of the great majority of the Western Abolitionists.

The West is ahead of the East. The ardent, generous, confiding West is not so trammelled as the East with the habit of circumspection and calculation. While the Eastern man pauses to reckon results, the Western man pushes on to realize them. The Eastern Abolitionists are, however, making progress. Abolitionists of the type of Charles Francis Adams will not be able to imbue with their conservative spirit the reformers around them. On the contrary, these reformers will be continually imbuing with their radical spirit, Abolitionists of the type of Charles Francis Adams.

I have named Mr. Adams. I cannot forbear to add, that I am greatly pleased with him. His characteristic dignity is the perfectly natural outgrowth of his high-souled integrity and rare mental discipline. I was happy to see, that his habit of caution and conservatism was not proof against the atmosphere which surrounded him here. He made manifest progress in the two days—and could he mingle for twenty days with Western Abolitionists, he would not fear that the cause of liberty is in danger of being misdirected or harmed in their hands. In a word, it did Mr. Adams and some other New England men great good to come to the Pittsburg Convention.

As I have already virtually said, the immense mass convention, as it was called, was prepared to plant itself on the high ground of the Liberty Party—was, indeed, already on that ground. But the Convention proper, being a selection from the masses, contained, as was natural, a greater relative amount of wariness and timidity. Nevertheless, had the convention proper, instead of appointing a committee to prepare a platform, prepared it without such intervention, I have no doubt that the platform would have been distinctly and fully that of the Liberty Party; but this committee, being a selection from the select, was still more characterized than even the convention proper by wariness and timidity. Indeed, I have scarcely a doubt, that had this Convention continued another day, its platform would have been nearly all that we could desire. What rapid progress the Convention made in the session of the last afternoon! In that session it struck out the most offensive of all those wretched resolutions which contain limitations and implications against liberty. In that session, it came very near adopting Mr. Tappan's resolution, the adoption of which would have nullified all those limitations and implications; and it was in that session that the Convention adopted, so enthusiastically, and with but three dissenting voices, the glorious resolution in favour of Land Reform—that reform which is emphatically the own sister of the Abolition reform.

I came to the Convention with the purpose of insisting on but two things; and I adhered to my purpose. These two things are,

1st That the Convention should organize a permanent party—and, therefore, a party which should be as comprehensive in its scope as is civil government itself—and, therefore, a party which should look after all the political interests of all the people, white and black, male and female.

2d That the Convention should declare Slavery to be utterly incapable of legalization.

On these two things I insisted, both in the committee and in the Convention. Four members of the committee were with me; and I must do the dozen who opposed us the justice to say that several of them evidently believed that the two things which I insisted on were in their own series of resolutions, and were expressed in better language there than in my series. Indeed, I firmly believe that the Convention would not have adopted the platform which they did adopt, had they not judged that these two things were substantially in it.

Perhaps, the two things on which I insisted are in the platform. I will not say that they are not; but if they are, they are, nevertheless, obscurely expressed, and that, too, while things to the contrary of them are in it, and are clearly expressed; or if not clearly expressed, nevertheless clearly implied. Who can read the platform and deny that its clear implication is, that Slavery in the States has not only a legal existence, but a legal existence which is permitted by the federal constitution? Indeed, the platform goes so far as to admit, by clear implication, that a State government is at liberty, so far as the federal constitution is concerned, to deprive persons "of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

It was said in the Convention, and with manifest influence, that my phrases, "Slavery is incapable of legalization," "Slavery cannot be legalized," &c., &c., are absurd. Indeed, more than once or twice, I was kindly told, out of the Convention, that if I were not in the habit of expressing myself so obscurely and unintelligibly on this and kindred points I should be able to bring more persons to adopt my views. But it seems to me that this logic, which had so much effect on the Convention, is of that circular kind, which, though apt to be very plausible and effectual, is, nevertheless, very unsound. This logic ran after this manner: "For Mr. Smith to say that Slavery cannot be legalized, is nonsensical and absurd. Virginia has laws for Slavery. They may be unjust laws. But there they are, outstanding and fixed facts, the existence of which is not to be disputed." The circular logicians, having assumed in this case the very thing to be proved, viz., that what they called laws are laws, obtained, at least in their own esteem, a very quick and easy victory over me. My answer to them was, for substance: "Not only is every unconstitutional enactment among the statutes of Virginia no law, but every enactment among them, whether it does or does not accord with the constitution, is also no law, provided its purport and object are such as transcend the limits and powers of human legislation. For instance, the authorizing men to murder men, or, what is worse, the authorizing men to enslave men, transcend such limits and powers, and hence all enactments to these ends are void, and no law. It is for the like reason that a 'sumptuary law' is but a nominal law, and is, in strictness, no law. We are all prepared to say, that enactments prescribing what we shall eat, drink, and wear, are no law. But the reason why they are no law, is simply because the legislature has got beyond its province, when it presumes to meddle with such subjects. And thus might we argue in respect to enactments which should presume to proscribe the intercourse and endearments between parent and child."

I said, that we are all prepared to treat a sumptuary law as no law. How grossly inconsistent are we then—nay, how grossly wicked—when we accord to an enactment for Slavery the name, dignity, and sanction of law!

To help me to understand myself, these, my instructors in logic, would kindly put words into my mouth and say: "We understand you, Mr. Smith. What you mean, and all what you mean, is, that these laws for Slavery are unjust laws. We, also, believe them to be unjust laws; and hence we are fairly together." But I was too obtuse to receive this their kind interpretation of myself; and, therefore, I would over and over again explain, or try to explain, the difference between an enactment which I call no law, and an enactment which I am willing to call but an unjust law. I would say, that an enactment fixing the rate of interest as high as fifteen per cent. per annum is an unjust law—but that it is not to be treated as no law. It is an enactment which should be repealed or modified; but it should not, like an enactment for murder or Slavery, be trampled under foot, and treated as no law. So too in respect to an unwise enactment for regulating travel. The matter of regulating travel, as well as that of regulating interest, comes within the field of human legislation; and hence, an enactment regarding it is not to be treated and trampled upon as is an enactment for murder or Slavery.

I would here throw out the remark, that few persons seem to have considered how very narrow is the field of human legislation, and how very far it falls short of being commensurate with the whole field of human interests, relations, and obligations. It is the want of such consideration that exposes us and many another people to be ruined by legislative usurpation and despotism.

But, notwithstanding all the fault I have found with the platform of the Free Democracy, I, nevertheless, regard myself as a member of that party. It is a good party, and it will rapidly grow better. Do you fear that it will break up and disgrace itself as did the Free Soil party? You need not fear it. Low as was the platform of that party, the party itself, or at least a large share of it, was far lower; but the Free Democracy is as much higher than its own platform, as that platform is higher than the Free Soil party. Hence "Excelsior" will be most emphatically the fit motto of the Free Democracy.

Not one year should be allowed to pass away—no, nor half one year—before the platform of the Free Democracy, which, in truth, is not its platform, but only the platform of the Pittsburg Convention, and that, too, the little instead of the big convention, should be so modified as distinctly to meet all the demands of truth. Alas, what a pity that this platform is not now such as to teach the slaveholder, in bold and unmistakeable terms, that one of the aims of the Free Democracy is to strip him and his "Peculiar Institution" of the covering, and sanction, and respectability of law, and to hold up to the loathing and execration of the world, a naked pirate in the one, and a naked piracy in the other; a pirate and a piracy too, that far outstrip all others in atrocity and mischief!

But warm as are my hopes of the well doing of the Free Democracy, they may, nevertheless, be blasted; and hence I cannot advise the disbanding of the Liberty Party. *The next meeting of the Liberty Party is to be Wednesday (at Buffalo), the first day of September. It should be numerously attended.—Whilst I hope that the meeting will not array itself against, but will, on the contrary, resolve to act with the Free Democracy, at least for the present, I also hope that it will advise the Liberty Party to continue its organization until such time as the Free Democracy shall have distinctly and fully covered the ground of the Liberty Party.*

Of course, I did not vote for the Pittsburg platform. I can never vote for it until it shall boldly and distinctly utter the great truth, that the Free Democracy aims to bring under its impartial regard all the political interests of all classes of the people; and, also, the other great truth, that Slavery, which is the most atrocious and abominable of all the forms of piracy, can never be known as law.

Nor did I vote in the Convention, for Mr. Hale and Mr. Julian. I voted for those true and tried men, William Goodell and James H. Collins. Nevertheless, I hope to find myself able to vote at the election for Mr. Hale and Mr. Julian, both of whom are beloved in private life, and both of whom have honourably distinguished themselves in public life. I cannot doubt that Mr. Julian scouts the idea of the possible legalization of Slavery; and, in the Boston rescue trials, Mr. Hale scouted it. It is said that it was only in rhetorical flourishes that he did so? I answer that I trust that Mr. Hale will, ere the election, make it indisputably manifest that he is established in the principle that there can no more be a human than a divine law for converting a man into a thing; and that to recognise and dignify as law the enactment which attempts such a conversion, is a high crime against both God and man.

GERRIT SMITH.

A NEW SUPPLY OF COTTON.

ENGLAND is far too dependent on America for her supply of Cotton. There is too much risk in relying on any one country, if we consider the climate and seasons alone; but the risk is seriously aggravated when the country is not our own, but is inhabited by a nation which, however friendly on the whole, and however closely allied with us by blood and language, has been at war with us more than once, and might possibly some day be so again; or, if this risk is considered too remote, we may say merely that there are circumstances in the position and Constitution of the United States sufficiently unlike our own to make it undesirable that there should be no alternative, for us or for them, but dependence on each other in any matter of supreme importance to either. Our Cotton manufacture has, since the opening of the century, added a permanent two millions—probably by this time much more—to our population; and the necessity of drawing the whole of our raw material from one country involves, therefore, as serious a liability as any to which, as a nation, we are subject.

There have been fluctuations in the fortunes of Lancashire within the last few years which show how carefully we ought, if possible, to guard against the maintenance of millions of our people being impaired or cut off, any year, by the accident of a frost or a drouth in a country subject to both. When we add the consideration that cotton in the United States is raised by slave labour, and that the only certainty about slave labour is that it will sooner or later become free, it is evident that we cannot too soon set about providing ourselves with wide cotton-fields in various parts of the world, and especially, if possible, within our own dominions.

Virginia is well nigh exhausted, as every body knows, in her whole extent, except in that western table-land, where cotton culture gives place to that of corn. For many years past Virginia has been sustained chiefly by the breeding of negroes and mulattoes for sale to the South. North Carolina is equally exhausted, and appears to have nothing to sell to any body. The cotton growth is most considerable on the virgin soils of the southernmost States; and it is because they, too, must become impoverished that the Americans have seized upon Texas and Mexico, in order to continue the supply of cotton to the European market. It is obvious that our dependence would be a very precarious one, under the best circumstances, if we relied solely on the supply of cotton by slave labour. It is not the production of cotton, but the use of slave labour, which wears out the soil of the Slave States; and the only thing we could be sure of, if we had no other resource, is that tract after tract, district after district, would follow the fate of the impoverished and deserted lands, which every traveller observes through the whole length of Virginia and North Carolina, so, that the safety of our cotton manufacture must, in fact, depend on the success of American aggression, in annexing to the United States foreign soil hitherto free from the curse of Slavery. It is melancholy to the traveller to mark the wasted fields, the ruined fences, the broken bridges, the impassable roads, the deserted mansions of whole States, whence Britain once derived her annual supply of cotton; and to remember that the latest annexed virgin soils must come to the same pass, under the same curse, whether Slavery be called by its own name, or by the ingenius title of "apprenticeship for ninety-nine years."

There is nothing new in this, though a recent incident has revived men's ideas and feelings on the subject. It is at least twenty years since the danger was seen so clearly that great efforts were made to grow cotton in India. Sixteen years since, residents in India wrote us the news that the cotton was flourishing on the table lands of the interior, and that the roads down the Ghauts were blackened with troops of bullocks, laden [illegible] from the western ports. But alas! those roads down the Ghauts have hitherto been fatal to the scheme. Bullock carriage is not good for cotton, under the best circumstances: and, in this case, the injury and destruction to the produce have made the scheme abortive, and have postponed our hopes to the formation of railroads. The dust, the sweat of the toiling animals, the mud, the frequent falls, made such a mess of the cotton, in its conveyance to the coast, that little or none of it was, by that time, worth having.

We have never given up our hope of getting cotton from India, and plenty of it; and heaven forbid that we should ever give it up, for it is a rational as well as a pleasant hope; but we cannot help seeing that it will take years to supply us with what we want from that quarter. By the activity of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, great progress has been made in discovering which are the best districts for the growth of the cotton; which species flourish best in different localities; how the natives may be trained to prepare it thoroughly for Lancashire use; and what may be expected from the projection of railroads into the heart of the great peninsula. Nobody doubts what a blessing this new tillage will be to the natives, both in itself and from the revelations of their existing condition which would reach the English mind through this new channel of communication; and it is certain that the free labour of India will be so cheap in comparison with the slave labour of America as to overpay, very largely, the difference of distance from Liverpool.

But still it must take years to make the railways and to establish particular species of cotton as the staple of particular districts—years to train the natives so thoroughly as to be able to rely on the steady excellence of their preparation of the produce. To fill up the interval and secure a provisional alternative to the United States, we have been quietly studying the globe, contemplating the zones within which cotton will grow. We have listened to reports from Jamaica; we have sent lists of questions to the seasoned navigators of the Niger; we have sought specimens on the Nubian Banks of the Nile; we have examined Claussen's patent process in Ireland; we have cast wistful glances toward the plains of China; we have explored, in speculation, the whole circuit of the globe; and now, on a sudden, we are assured of all we want by a mail from our own Australia.

It is great news—very great news—full of more unmingled promise than the discovery of the gold in that country. As far as we can see it is all true and sound. The President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce must know what cotton is; and from his office, and under his sense of responsibility, he can be in no haste to give his approbation to any doubtful product; he would rather be jealous of the introduction of any thing inferior to the best that can be obtained from the old sources. Yet Mr. Bazley pronounces the Australian specimens submitted to him to be "excellent," "really beautiful," and so on; adding, generally, that it is "well got up," and "in perfect condition for the spinner." At the end of the report we are told that Mr. Bazley has been careful to understate his admiration of the article, and that such specimens of perfect cotton have rarely been seen in Manchester. Here we have at once the product in high perfection, and every advantage in its preparation for use in Lancashire. We depend neither on miserable and degraded slaves, nor on ignorant native Indians, whose minds and ways are not half known to us. We are to be ministered to by English men and English women, who know what Lancashire is, and have the diligent and careful industry and skill which are familiar to us at home.

When the gold fever has somewhat subsided, and the shepherds are returning to their flocks and folds, and artisans to the towns, a crowd of the new immigrants will find it best worth their while to devote themselves to the growth and preparation of cotton. While other articles are procured so easily from America, there can be no difficulty in obtaining the best machinery for the cleaning of the product, and many improvements, economies, and wise arrangements, which are impossible where the labourers are slaves, will be introduced, and must surely give our colony the advantage over all other cotton fields in the world.

We should, above all, rejoice if this discovery should in the end confirm and extend our relations with the cotton-growing States of the American Union. We are anxious to secure ourselves from a total dependence upon them; we prefer deriving our supplies from free rather than slave labour; and we should be glad to see our discovery hastening the abolition of Slavery, by rendering Slavery more thoroughly and unquestionably unprofitable than it is even now. But, though we feel that the emancipation of American slaves would be the best and highest consequence of the production of Australian cotton, we have no desire to break off our connection with the South Carolina and Georgia planters. If they, by freeing their slaves, become able to improve their lands, and keep their place in the world's market, and save themselves from destruction, none would rejoice more than their old English customers. And there is a place in the world's market for them, and the Indians, and the Australians, and all who seek for prosperity in the only way in which it can be permanent—by being just to all, black or white, bond or free.—*Daily (London) News.*

To the Editor of the Republic:

DEAR SIR—On the appearance in your paper of a charge intended, if not calculated, seriously to impair and perchance to destroy the confidence of Gen. Pierce's Southern supporters in his soundness on the Slavery question, I addressed him a letter, which, together, with his reply, I now ask you, as an act of justice to publish.

I make this request, presuming your object, like mine, to have been the discovery of the truth.

Very respectfully, EDWIN DELEON.

Washington, August 13, 1852.

WASHINGTON, July 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR—Enclosed you will find an article, in which, as one of the editors of the *Southern Press*, of this city, I took issue with my colleague in advocacy of your claims to Southern support for the Presidency. That action was predicated upon my belief of your entire soundness upon the Slavery question. Within the last week, a speech purporting to have been delivered by you, in January last, has been re-published from two Democratic papers in your own State (which are now said to support you). On the truth or falsity of this, much depends. Neither those with whom I act, nor myself, can consent that any doubt should rest on a matter of such importance; but placing full reliance on the fearless frankness of your character, on their behalf and my own, I respectfully ask of you whether that report, which your Southern supporters believe to be without foundation, as opposed to your previous course, is correct.

The peculiar position which I occupy must plead my apology for troubling you with this letter.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWIN DELEON.

Gen. F. PIERCE, Concord, N. H.

CONCORD, N. H., July, 23, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: Surrounded by pressing engagements, I seize the earliest opportunity to reply to your letter of the 17th instant. I much regret that anything connected with myself should have been the cause of disagreement between you and gentlemen with whom you have been associated in the editorial department of the *Southern Press*. I do not remember ever to have seen what purports to be a report of a speech delivered by me at New Boston, in this State, in January last, until my attention was called to it as re-published in the *Republic*. The pretended report is, and I presume was designed to be, an entire misrepresentation. It is not merely untruthful, but is so grossly and absurdly false as to render, in this vicinity, any denial of its authenticity entirely unnecessary. The two papers quoted—the *Independent Democrat*, published in this place, and the *Democrat* published in Manchester—are thoroughly Abolition journals; and have been and are zealously opposed to the Democratic party. For a long time prior to the meeting at New Boston, and ever since, they have been unsparing in their attacks upon me personally, and in their bitter denunciation of what they have been pleased to term my pro-Slavery sentiments. But it would be something new for either of these papers to deny the consistency of my opinions upon [illegible] rights of the South in relation to Slavery. My opinions and the avowal of them have been everywhere the same. Ever mindful of the difficulties and dangers which so long brooded over the assemblage of wise men and pure patriots to whose spirit of concession and earnest efforts we are indebted for the Constitution under which we have enjoyed such signal prosperity, advancement and happines, I have regarded the subject as too vital and delicate to be used as an element of sectional appeal in party conflicts. My action and my language in New Hampshire, touching this matter, have been, at all times and under all circumstances, in entire accordance with my action and language at Washington. My votes in the Senate and House of Representatives were not republished in the *Era* for the first time. They have been again and again paraded to arouse the passions and prejudices of our people against me individually, and against the party with which it has been my pride and pleasure to act. There has been no attempt to evade the force of the record. It has been at all times freely admitted, and my position sustained upon grounds satisfactory to my own mind. I am not surprised to know that the attempt to prove me an Abolitionist provokes much merriment among men of all parties here; and this weak and untruthful sketch of what purports to be my speech, is really too ridiculous to be considered in any serious light.

I am in the daily receipt of letters propounding the greatest variety of curious questions, upon all conceivable subjects. Letters of this character cannot be answered of course. No individual could command either the time or strength the herculean task would require. I may add, that such a correspondence would by no means comport with my views of duty. The Democratic party sent its delegates to Baltimore, not alone to nominate candidates, but to re-affirm principles and to present the leading issues upon which the canvass should be conducted.

If I could deem myself capable of improving the platform there adopted, it is quite certain that I should decline, either at the call of individuals or associations, to incur the charge of arrogance to which any attempt to alter, amend or enlarge it, would inevitably subject me.

Your letter is of an entirely different character. It seeks truth in relation to an alledged fact, it speaks of history, to which too searching an appeal cannot be made. I appreciate the estimation you seem to have of my character for directness; and beg you to accept my thanks for your efforts to vindicate my claim to that trait, at least, before the public.

I am, with high esteem, your most obedient servant. FRANK. PIERCE.

EDWIN DELEON, Esq., Washington, D. C.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER,

Delivered at the Celebration of West India Emancipation, at Framingham, August 8, 1852.

[Reported for the Liberator.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We have come together to celebrate an event which is exceptional in the history of mankind; eminently exceptional in the history of the Anglo-Saxons. It is indeed a common thing for men and nations to make sacrifices for their own freedom; to fight wars, shedding their treasure and their blood in defence of liberty, assailed by a foreign or domestic foe. The grand scenes of human history have oftenest been seen along the line where a people bursts into a tempestuous roar, and dashes against some arbitrary king, and tears away the obstacle, whelming it to ruin by the fall. But it is a rare thing for one class of men to take a strong interest in the welfare of another class. Commonly, the Patrician looks out for his Order, the Craftsman for his Guild, neither caring much for the other, both uniting to tread the proletary down to dust. Few great men have cared for the mass of their fellows. The American Minister, dining with 'the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers' of London, congratulates them on the fact 'that it was one of their number who slew Wat Tyler.' Wat Tyler was the champion of the *people*, not of the fishmongers, rudely sounding on his perilous way—one of the coast pilots who must perish by hundreds before a Columbus leads to worlds of freedom. [*See Page II.*

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

But to-day we commemorate the emancipation of 800,000 men, men of the rudest class in society, men of a race cast out from the sympathies of the church. They were set free by the voluntary act of the People of Great Britain, at a cost of $100,000,000.

This was a remarkable act. It is without parallel in the history of this Anglo-Saxon tribe; I think it is unparalleled in the history of mankind. Cyrus set free the exiled Jews, and allowed them to return to the Jordan and the mountains of Jerusalem. The act required no sacrifice, and represented no morality. It seems to have been an act of public policy, not of humanity; representing a measure deemed expedient, not a principle known to be just. But the emancipation of slaves in the British West Indies was a national act of humanity. It was not undertaken as an expedient measure, but in obedience to a just principle. It was an act of Religion, not an act of trade. Considerations of expediency had doubtless much influence with the government. Rulers hate to do a deed which will not pay in dollars and cents—but considerations of justice influenced the people, and turned the scale. In politics, material prevail over spiritual interests; the Politic over the Just. This is one of the few cases where the Idea of Everlasting Right led to a national act of self-sacrifice.

This is a day to be honoured for many a year; one of the proud days in the history of England. With a just pride she remembers the day at Runnymede, when the Barons broke down the battled wall of arbitrary Norman royalty, and fixed the Great Charter of the English Constitution. England remembers with pride the days of Worcester and Naseby, and that eventful day at Whitehall, when she shook off the yoke of the Stuarts, and taught that race of tyrants that 'kings also have a joint in their necks.' But these were selfish triumphs, victories won by blood. The victors themselves were also oppressors; the Barons were tyrants to other vassals; and Cromwell with his friends, who slew a king, did not hesitate to enslave and sell to bondage the guiltless prisoners of wicked war. The emancipation of the Blacks was the usual triumph of a religious feeling, and of the universal Idea of Right. The event is one of the beacons which mark the progress of mankind. This is the first age in which such a deed could thus be done, or thus honoured if accidentally brought about.

The same feeling, the same Idea, has brought us together to-day. We are not here for pastime; only yonder razor-seller comes to get gain. You and I get no money, no honour, by this day's work. We are here as *men*. I reverence the deed, the nation that did it; yes, the men who honour the deed.

Other emancipations have taken place in Europe, also of wide importance. In a large part of central Europe, the peasants were fettered to the soil until the jar of the French Revolution snapped the chain in 1790. In 17)4, an eminent man declares—'In Austria, Moravia, Bohemia, Lausitz, Pomerania, and Mecklenburg, the common people live in a sort of Slavery, here worse and there better; but many times they are worse off than the cattle of those places. Yet these serfs were of the same nations as their masters.' 'The slaves not of German extraction,' adds he, 'are treated more severely and unmercifully than oxen.' (*Moser*, Neue Staatsrecht; Frankfort and Leipsig, 1774, vol. xvii., pp. 496, and 503.) I mention this only to show how long Slavery continued in nations of the same great family with ourselves—the most strongly attached to freedom.

In the early part of this century, the Prussian government freed the peasants of Westphalia and other provinces from the last remnants of vassalage and feudal oppression, endowing the peasants, who had been serfs before, with a large portion of the lands they had previously occupied. That scheme also works well.

The Emperor Nicholas is no great admirer of liberal institutions, and has rather a bad name among the friends of the human race. But let us give the Czar his due. As Emperor, he inherited, as part of the imperial property, a great many *serfs of the crown*, personal slaves. He changed them into *peasants of the crown*, personally free, though still belonging to the lowest class of men who have any political rights to citizenship. Thus he has set free 17,500,000 men! Not content with that, since 1837 he has established 4921 common schools for the children of these peasants of the crown. In 1845, these schools were attended by 271,262 children from that class—more children than attended all the schools, academies and colleges of the slave States of America in 1840!

There are still 21,000,000 serfs 'owned' by private persons in Russia. Nicholas aims at emancipating them, and has taken measures to effect their gradual liberation; so that at no very distant day there will be no slaves in Russia. Even now, any serf who voluntarily joins the army, and serves his time, secures freedom for himself and his posterity.

When the late French Revolution broke out, one of the early acts of the Provisional government was to liberate all the slaves in the dominions of France. That was done in accordance with a fundamental principle which they put at the foundation of their laws; for the French are scientific in their legislation, and often proceed from a universal principle to its specific and local application, while the Anglo-Saxon, trusting to experience, proceeds more slowly and cautiously to work, providing for particular cases by special acts of legislation, and often rejects a universal principle as something 'too metaphysical for statesmen.' Hence the vast difference between the laws of these two tribes of men.

Later still, the Hungarians are more like the English, and feel their way by experiment, not divining it by the aid of a universal principle. Hence the many contradictions in their laws and in the condition of their people. Hungary has set free her serfs, emancipated them from all servile and feudal restrictions whatever, and given to each family of serfs the absolute right to the soil they only occupied before. The amount of land varies from a house and garden lot, to thirty or forty acres. Formerly, a serf occupying thirty-two acres of land was obliged to work for the proprietor 104 days in the year—the proprietor fixing the time; he was to pay him also one ninth of the produce of the farm. Besides that, the body of serfs paid all the taxes, built all the bridges, though they alone paid toll on bridge and road, where the noble went free. All these infamous restrictions have been removed. This emancipation of the Hungarian serfs was brought about mainly by the toils and eloquence of the magnanimous Kossuth. He tried to accomplish it in the Diet of 1832—1837, but in vain. In 1847-9 it was effected, though not without great opposition. Yet he was not alone. M. Paul Nagy began the same work even earlier, and declared in the Hungarian Diet of 1825-27, that 'the nation would never be secure while it thrust millions of people beyond the ramparts of the Constitution.'

I make no doubt the example of England, and the success of her enterprise, have had a considerable influence in Russia and Hungary. There is a solidarity of nations as of men.

'Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.'

When a man does a good deed, he wishes to do more of the same sort. Self-imitation is common with nations as with men. Since the British Emancipation, love of liberty, love of justice has grown stronger in England. Before that, did some reformer seek to improve the condition of labourers at home, he was confronted with the thought of a million of slaves in the West Indies. 'Go thou and ransom them,' said his conscience and his foe. Slavery was an excuse for many a terrible grievance at home. It was a great curse to the people there—a millstone on the neck of English morality. Now the feeling of hostility to Slavery is powerful in England. Associations in England pass resolutions against it—resolutions which 'hurt the feelings' of the American clergy very much. A large body of respectable clergymen declare that they will admit to their pulpits no pro-Slavery minister from America; and will consider every one as in favour of Slavery, who has not given some public sign of opposition to it; and treat them accordingly. Even the Government of England is hostile to Slavery, and annually spends great sums of money in efforts to prevent the slave trade—which seems to be much more unpopular at London than at Boston, where these efforts are often laughed at and treated with ridicule.

What a different state of feeling is there in America! Here, Slavery is at a premium in the Christian pulpits of the North! Minister vies with minister in its defence. With the American clergy, Slavery is more popular than philanthropy: one is defended, the other abhorred and condemned as anti-christian. The Rev Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, owns, it is said, more than a hundred slaves. He comes to Boston, is invited to preach for a fellow-clergyman; and one of the newspapers, distinguished with the title of Pious, publicly rejoices that a slaveholder is welcomed to such a pulpit! No coloured man is allowed to purchase a pew in that church, it is said. It is quite fitting that a slaveholder should preach there, and help us conquer our prejudices in favour of Christianity. In another city of Massachusetts, an eminent Unitarian church negotiates with a Southern clergyman—notorious for the zeal with which he defends Slavery—seeking his services for their pulpit. These things are characteristic of the 'Christian Israel of New England.' Nay, there are grave-yards in New England, belonging to 'fashionable churches,' which profess and practice the 'fashionable religion,' where it is provided by the deed of sale, that 'no coloured person' shall ever be buried! The American church is the great bulwark of Slavery; our clergymen the most effectual slave-drivers. If Dr Channing were to come back to Boston, I fear he would not get a hearing in any of the 'respectable' churches of the town. 'Not this man, but Barabbas, a slaveholder,' would be the cry.

While in Old England there has been a growth of liberalism, even the most conservative journals showing signs of humanity, in New England there has been a decline of humanity in our leading men, though an increase thereof in the mass of the people. The growth of Hunkerism in New England, in the last five or ten years, is amazing. God only knows when it is to end, or what good this pestilence is to work out. It checks every attempt at progress; it hates education, hates temperance, hates charity, hates piety. Love of the almighty dollar is its only religion. It cleaves to the gallows, counts the rum-jug as part of its indispensable furniture, loves ignorance and Slavery; loves darkness rather than light, for its deeds are evil, and only evil, and evil continually.

Well, we are here to celebrate British Emancipation. What are the causes which hinder emancipation in America? I will mention two—*The national exclusiveness of the Anglo-Saxon tribe; and the inordinate thirst for gold.*

This tribe has always been exclusive—hating to mingle on terms of equality with another tribe; has always been invasive and exterminating. See how the Anglo-Saxon Briton destroys the Celtic tribe, how he exterminates the nations in South Africa, in Australia in every land. The Anglo-Saxon American does the same in this continent. The Frenchman converted the Indians to Christianity, and dwelt with them in peace. But the Puritan carefully exterminated the red man from his land. A hundred years more, and the Indians will be as rare in the west of America as now in New England.

See how we treat the Chinese in California; peaceful, sober, quiet men, they settle there, 9000 or 10,000 of them. No man of them violates any law of the land; they are never drunk, they do not lie, nor steal, they never ask alms. But they must be driven off, because they are of another tribe. How greedy were Boston, New York and Philadelphia to kidnap a black man! How tardy is the government in surrendering a white criminal to England!

This national exclusiveness is brought to bear with great force upon the poor African, intensified by the fact that he has 'a skin not coloured like our own.' In the South, he is not a *person*; in the North, not a *citizen*; for in many of the Northern States he is not allowed to vote, and in all he is kept from associating with white men: never appears in military or engine companies; never serves on a jury; never holds any civil office; is shut out of academies, colleges, and in Boston out of the public schools; nay, is shut out of churches, and sometimes denied a resting place in 'the narrow house of all the living.' Nay, some Americans wish us to think he is not human, but only a superior monkey. No other nation, save the Gipsies and the Jews, has this exclusiveness of nationality to the same degree.

The poor African must feel all the force of it.

If the slaves were Anglo-Saxon, emancipation would not be so difficult. This national exclusiveness would work in their behalf, as it once did in favour of our countrymen in bondage at Tripoli. I do not know how this national depravity is to be overcome. It cannot be done away with at once. The social effects of it will long continue, for national taste is a national habit, and only changes very slowly. This will long be a bar to social intercourse between the blacks and the whites. It is this which makes the Colonisation scheme popular at the North—this is chief. It is this which blinds the eyes of humane persons at the North to the dreadful evils of Slavery, and makes them fold their hands in submission when a black man is kidnapped in Boston, or taken from their ships and shut up in jail at Charleston. This helps to intensify the horror which 'respectable' men feel towards the Abolitionist, who seeks to save the race they seek to destroy.

This wicked feeling will long keep the whites from associating on terms of equality with the coloured race, as that is a matter of *taste* with most men; but it need not for a day keep them from freedom—for that is a matter of *conscience*.

Next comes the national thirst for gain. The great obstacle to emancipation is this: Slavery is thought to be profitable to the whites. That is a great mistake. Slavery is unprofitable to the whites. Every year proves it. The South trembles at the publication of the Census-returns. But the vulgar error is the other way.

Many of its forms are dreadful to think of. Some ten years ago, one of the most eminent merchants of Boston, an upright and far sighted man, with a cool head and a manly heart, the late Patrick T. Jackson, said, if a time should ever come when Justice was plainly on one side, and Gain as plainly on the other side, that the controlling men of Boston would forsake Right, and cleave to the Dollar. Then I could not believe the prophecy. Now we all see the fact. Forgive me that I thought too well of New England men. Nay, if I do so again, forgive me still.

Every thing which favours money at the cost of man is sure to prosper; what favours man at the cost of money is met with the intense hate of the Hunkers. The Fugitive Slave Law got the vote of the Representatives of Boston—the past and the present, both; was welcomed with 100 guns on the Common; it got the approbation of the City Government; the support of the judicial authorities of the State; it found officers to execute it, gentlemen of property and standing to carry it out—and their clerical servants to bless the deed. The city officers were honoured for trampling the law of Massachusetts under their feet. The 'Sims Brigade' was called into active service to kidnap a man.

But when the anti-liquor law was before your legislature, out of the forty-nine delegates from Boston, I think only six voted for the suppression of drunkenness. The city government is in favour of intemperance; turns out the city marshal for fear he should execute the law of the Commonwealth; licenses, it is said, 'six hundred retailers'—the Rum Brigade—to liquor the city, more than one retailer for every forty voters—more than one for every two hundred and fifty inhabitants. But the anti-liquor law is not enforced in Boston; the city government is against it—the city officers are against it. Kidnapping and Rum are near relations.

Why is all this? Rum is money; Kidnapping is money. The merchants' prediction is fulfilled—doubly accomplished—in keeping the Fugitive Slave Law, in breaking the liquor law. Great is the almighty dollar!

I cannot now stop to dwell on the deadly train of evils which this inordinate Avarice brings with it. It rides on the strong pale horse of Hunkerism, and Hell follows in its train, with power to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with *the beasts of the earth*.

The South keeps three millions of men from every right; spreads the mildew of Slavery across the continent; kidnaps men in the streets of Boston. Who cares? they are only *men*. Britain invades our fisheries, needlessly, unjustly, I make no doubt. What a cry is made against it! Every newspaper expatiates on the damage to our 'property at home,' the insult to our 'respect and renown abroad.' What speeches are thundered forth in Congress! There are $12,000,000 of property at stake. Men talk of war. The funds fall in London! Foolish men. The material interests of England require peace. The nation of shopkeepers will not quarrel with their best customer. And America—she could not even be 'kicked into a war with England.' No—if England should forbid American vessels to fish within soundings of any British territory, I solemnly believe that the United States would abandon their fishery, 'bob and sinker, hook and line,' sooner than fire a shot at Old England. The South, which made the last war with England, would be exceedingly slow to try it again. The South knows very well, that, in such a contingency, every slave would be set free; not as in the West Indies, with peaceful sentiments, but his hand filled with firebrands.

The fisheries are Northern property, which, if it were really in peril, would get no protection from the slaveholders of the South. Men talk very loud when there is no danger. We are ready to fight with Mexico and extend Slavery, we think it would be a profitable work. The 'Fillibuster' is a popular person. America longs to seize upon Cuba, and seeks to make opportunities. Soon, I doubt not, it will be done—done in the next administration, I take it, if Gen. Pierce succeeds; done by purchase. The act will be popular; it will feed fat our national lust for land, which we have in common with England. It will create a large national debt—not less than $100,009,000. That will delight three parties; first, the official and semi-official and un-official vultures, who seek to prey upon the public whenever such a transaction takes place; vultures well paid in the Texas operations, and now all the more hungry. Second, the capitalists, who wish to make money by buying *Cuban stock* (as they did the *Texan* stock) at a great discount, or to invest in the national loan; with all those Reactionaries who seek to strengthen the hands of the central power and weaken the hands of the people. Third, some manufacturers, who will see in a national debt the prophecy of protection to their industry, and will rejoice in a national debt as in the war with Mexico.

So it seems to me the measure for the *re*-annexation of Cuba will be more popular than that for the occupation of Texas. I know not what obstacles Spain may throw in the way; I know nothing of the secret treaty which it is supposed she has negotiated with England and France, to protect Cuba from our aggressions; I know not how true it is that the Captain General of Cuba has orders to free the slaves in case of a desperate attack, or if he has authority to engage *black soldiers* from Hayti to stave us off; but it seems to me, that in laying out our Anti-Slavery work for some time to come, we ought to look on the attempt to annex Cuba as certain. It may be made with weapons of iron or weapons of gold.

There is a form of insanity, called Vampyrism by the learned; the unfortunate man who is tormented by this disease goes out, and devours dead bodies. It seems to me that our attachment to Slavery is of the same character, is equally insane, and the Whig and Democratic parties justly deserve the names of Vampyre Whigs and Vampyre Democrats. Yes, the federal government is a Vampyre Republic.

Well, gentlemen, what forces have we got to oppose these enemies, and with which to procure American emancipation?

1. There is the Anti-Slavery Political Party. I rely much on that. It may be that I overrate the vote it will cast at the next election. Some men think that accidental causes made it greater in 1848 than it will be in 1852. That may be true. Still, it is a great power in the country, a power that is rapidly advancing, too, although opposed by all the forces just named. I expect great things from it. I take it for granted that seven leaders out of every ten will fail, and prove recreant to the great idea which lies at the basis of that party. With ambitious men, with men that love place, love honour, love money, love fame, Justice is as the seed sown among thorns. All history shows that this statement is true. Political leaders in general look at the Temporal Expediency of a Measure, not the Eternal Justice of a Principle. I shall not be disappointed, therefore, if seven tenths of the leaders of the Anti-Slavery Party go the way of the leaders of the Whig Party or the Democrats. I shall sorrow over each particular failure, but thank God for every one that is found faithful. It numbers now some of the noblest men in the land. Of the many who have stood in this Reform, how many of the Moral Anti-Slavery Party have gone to the enemy—some of them now the worst of Hunkers! It was said of the twelve disciples, 'they *all* forsook Him and fled.'

But the mass of men interested in this idea will be faithful. Seven of the people out of every ten will stand firm. Their progress is steady, their development is sure. The oscillations of the mass of men is but a trifle, compared to their onward motion. They never drop an old idea but for a better; never a man but for a better. The people are never false to a great man until he is false to his Idea, to himself, and to them; then the roar of the people is like the waves of the sea. Van Burens go over to the enemy—where they always belonged—but the people do not falter. All history shows the fickleness of politicians, the firmness of the people; the fickleness of the few, the firmness of the many. The tide flows into Pamet creek, the tide ebbs out; little streams brawl their month in spring, are dry and dusty to-day; but the great Ocean remains the same:

'Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

Then I expect much from the efforts of this Moral Anti-Slavery Party—which does not aim at direct Political action. The Political Party will look more to the feasibility of measures and the availability of men; we must look to the Idea, the justice of the Principle, and by that measure the feasible measure and the available man. Thus we can do great service. But it seems to me that we require an eminently catholic spirit; we ought to welcome every genuine form of Anti-Slavery, reserving every shot for the Slave Party, and not waste our strength in hostility with one another. I know this is the failing of every party that rests on an Idea, and seeks to establish a universal principle—they split and quarrel. Whig and Democrat, eager to support and extend Slavery, agree in their Fugitive Slave Law—the two Baltimore Platforms hiding a multitude of sins; Herod and Pilate, intent on a murder, are made friends to crucify Christ; but Paul and Peter, fired with an idea, quarrel and separate; Luther and Zwingle and Calvin are wide and noisy in their difference, while Loyola unites thousands of able minds to put down freedom of conscience. The 'variations of the Protestants' and the early Christians had the same cause as our 'variations.' I hope we shall take warning from the Apostles and the Reformers, and waste as little as possible of our strength in crimination and recrimination. Our enemies need all our shot.

3. Then I rely much on the slow conviction that men acquire of the unprofitableness of wrong. New York teaches Virginia, Kentucky teaches Ohio, the North teaches the South, that slave labour will not pay, that injustice is the dearest price a people can pay for anything. Sensible men who look only for money, will see this before long, and then Slavery declines as a fancy stock that pays no dividends.

4. But above all, I rely on the integrity of God, on the love of Truth, the love of Justice, the love of Man, and the love of God, which He has put in the nature of men. At the creation, He enacted the Constitution of the Universe for the promotion of justice and of eternal welfare. Trust me, he has means for that end. I know there is a reserved power in the heart of man to right every human wrong—and this not last. I know how dark things seem to look; the two great parties forbidding discussion of the Rights of three million Americans; the two candidates for the Presidency only two rivals for the good opinion of slaveholders, both claimed as champions of slaveholding and of slave-hunting; the nation exterminating Indians, seeking to drive off the black man if free, and clutching at the spoils of our needy neighbours—I know the imminent peril of the nation at this day, so corrupt and still so young, rushing so headlong into political debauchery—its churches bidding God-speed to our lust of money and our atheistic hate of men—but I think the Anti-Slavery enterprise was never so prosperous as to-day. 'Now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed.' Things refuse perpetual mismanagement—The fate of Mr. Webster—an argosy wrecked on that Southern rock—will warn other men from such a course. The efforts of the South to extend their mischief will force the North into action. 'The pitcher is broke that goes oft to the well,' is true in the great affairs of a nation. The South now seems conscious that it is doomed to defeat. Calhoun mocked at the Anti-Slavery spirit, and called it a worm—he trembled at it when he saw the worm take wings, a flying fiery serpent, with the appetite of a dragon, stooping over the plantations of the South. Even Henry Clay foresaw in spirit the extinction of American Slavery.

'Tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.'

It seems to me this century will not end before we shall assemble to celebrate Emancipation in the United States of America. As I look down into your faces, and see the religious earnestness of a meeting like this, I remember the thirteen Gallileans in their large upper chamber, and remember that there is an infinite God,

'From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again.'

I feel sure of our triumph; confident that our redemption draweth nigh.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1852

DONATIONS TO THE AMER. ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Those persons who have promised, and those who intend to make, Donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society for the current year, will materially aid the Committee by adding to their funds at this time. The receipts at this season of the year are smaller than at any other; and without aid from some quarter, the Committee will find it impossible to keep out of debt. Donations may be sent to Francis Jackscn, Boston, or Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Those who are disposed to aid the Society by small contributions, can best do so by procuring subscribers for the *Standard*. The prevailing impression, we fear, is that the paper is so firmly established that no obligation rests upon its friends at large for its support. Such an impression, if it includes the supposition that the paper is well supported by its subscribers, is altogether erroneous. If the paper rests upon any firm basis, it is that a few friends are so persuaded of its usefulness, and the imperative necessity of its publication, that they are determined to maintain it at any hazard. It has never been supported by its subscribers, and, but for the donations of these few friends, must, long ago, have ceased to exist. Its condition, in this respect, is not singular, as no purely Anti-Slavery paper, in this country, has ever been anything but a losing concern to its proprietors. Nor are they to be tried by the same standard which rightfully measures other newspapers, and which stand or fall according to the popular estimation in which they are held. A radical Anti-Slavery paper is necessarily unpopular; the only test of merit which can be applied to it being whether it is held in so high estimation by a discriminating few that they will maintain it in spite of its general unpopularity, and even because of it. We are not overstepping the bounds of modesty in accepting as true the constant assurances of the friends of the *Standard* that, thus judged by its intrinsic value, it is not found wanting.

Yet the time, we think, has come, when the early labourers in the Anti-Slavery field should and may reap something of the harvest which the seed they sowed is giving. The *Standard* should not only pay its own expenses, but it should be a source of income to the Society to which it belongs, to be expended in other instrumentalities for the good of the cause. Other papers have attained a large circulation upon the partial advocacy of Anti-Slavery; but it has been done through the personal exertions of such subscribers as were interested in their success, and deemed it vital to the good of the cause. We think the same can be done for the *Standard*. We are confident that if all those who in the course of the year assure us of the high estimation in which they hold the paper, were to give evidence of that fact by endeavours to increase its subscription list among their neighbours, the circulation would soon be doubled. If all our subscribers should take the same method of proving their zeal for the cause, and their approbation of the *Standard*, it would, we think, such is the willingness now felt, on the part of the public, to listen to Anti-Slavery truth, be soon read by thousands where now it comes to hundreds only. We submit this to the consideration of all our readers, and especially to those who are disposed, or are only able, to do a little for the American Anti-Slavery Society. To labour in this way for the organ of the Society would be, to each one, doing only a little. But the aggregate of these individual efforts would be an era in the affairs of the Society.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CX.

The Argument. — *The Incurables—The Protracted Meeting—The New Religion—The leading Ministers—The Hegira of Denison—Possible views to his re-conversion—Lachrymose Mintages—The Crier of the Common Pleas and of the General Courts—The Crier to the Parties — Unsuccessful Fishing for Men—Commissioner Curtis and Mr. Choate—Practice on the Back Track—Prospects and Philosophy of the New Schism—Mission and Doom of Puppets—The Exegesis of the Correspondent—He offereth a Policy of Insurance—He alloweth the Whigs to do as they like, but hinteth at a joyful consolation at the worst—Fools'-caps and Bearskins—He apologizeth, explaineth, neologizeth and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.*

Boston, Aug. 30th, 1852.

Since I wrote to you last, the Webster Incurables have had a relapse of their disorder. The Dog Star has not raged in vain. A Protracted Meeting has been holding for ten days past for the object of making a stirring among the dry bones of Boston Whiggery, and bringing it to a sense of its shortcomings towards Mr. Webster. This should be a powerful Sect in the New Religion which your Correspondent "F" suggested, a week or two since, as having superseded, in this country, the now obsolete and exploded Religion of Christ. It is certainly as different a thing from that System of Belief and Scheme of Practise as could well be imagined. But the difficulty in setting it up is the want of Martyrs. The leaders of the Revival are the same *ci-devant* ministers who have taken the lead before, with the exception of the Rev. Charles W. Denison. You will be shocked to hear that this consistent and admirable patriot has gone over to Pierce and King in a body. He has shaken off the dust of his feet as a testimony against the ungrateful Whigs, and has joined the ranks of their enemies. Perhaps this renewal of the Webster Movement is intended partly to endeavour to snatch him as a brand from the burning, and to bring him back into the bosom of the true fold. But I think he has chosen the better part. I advise him to hold on, if he can, where he is. He will be more likely to coin his tears to ducats in the Democratic than in the Whig Mint.

The lachrymose idiosyncracy of this valuable member of Society and shining light of the Church reminds me of what the late (but I won't mention names, especially as I am not quite sure I have got the right one)—at any rate, a late gentleman who occupied the useful office of crier of the Court in one of the Webster Counties, said to a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who was given to the melting mood somewhat as is the eminent person in question. This gentleman was remarkable for his inability to restrain his tears, or else his great readiness to employ them as a part of his rhetoric, when addressing that August Body, the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. Soon after one of these lachrymatory explosions, he chanced to meet this officer of the Court, whom, for some reason well known at the time, he thought had just been added to the Collective Wisdom. "So, Mr. ——," said he, accosting him in a patronizing manner, "we are now engaged in the same duties and responsibilities!" "Not exactly, Sir," replied the other; "I am only Crier to the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Berkshire; whereas *you* are *Crier* to the General Court of the State of Massachusetts!" So Mr. Denison, who used to be *Crier* to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and afterwards successively to the Liberty Party and the Whig Party, has now carried the fountains of his tears to water the prosperous growth of Progressive Democracy.

I have said that this Revival is still under the auspices of the same Reverend gentleman who initiated this latest of Missionary Movements. The Rev. Hubbard Winslow and the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith still take the lead in this most interesting effort for the salvation of the country, if not of the world. Several other new lights have joined them, but none of a very burning and shining quality. I intimated that martyrs were an element of progress in which these confessors were lamentably deficient. For there is not a man that has ventured to open his mouth at Cochituate Hall (the Rendezvous of this new Church Militant) that has anything to lose by his self-devotion. They tried to catch Mr. Commissioner Curtis (the Sims Commissioner of immortal memory!), but he was too slippery for their clumsy fingers. They put him on a Committee in his absence, which gave him an opportunity to define his position, which was, substantially, that he was of opinion that Mr. Webster had been very scurvily treated, and that he was quite ready to join in a Movement in his behalf, *provided there were enough to back him*. Mr. Winslow, also, attempted to secure Mr. Choate by an intimation that he had authority to say that he would not go for General Scott. But Mr. Choate was rather too old a bird to be caught by any salt (or sugar) that that Reverend Orator could put on his tail. The next evening, poor Mr. Winslow had to take back his statement, which had astonished the world in the morning papers. For, though Mr. Choate may not be a wise man in the highest sense of the word, he is not generally regarded as a fool in the lowest sense of it.

This Schism in Massachusetts (or rather *Boston*) Whigdom has evidently had an infusion of new life into its veins since the Forcible Feeblenesses of the two Faneuil Hall Meetings I described some letters ago. But, still, it has not got heart and strength enough to make a public demonstration of its weakness. Reasons and excuses are still given or made for the delay of the Council or Convention, if it be proper to use a merely mundane form of expression, to nominate Electors, which would bring matters to a point. People are a good deal puzzled to know whereunto this thing will grow. For, with the largest possible allowance for self-delusion on the part of Mr. Webster, it can hardly be believed that he is ready to lead a forlorn-hope of Winslows and Smiths against the chosen candidate of his party. The odds would be, not heroic, but absurd—worse than those which Charles XII encountered when, as Lord Chesterfield says, "he charged the Ottoman army at Baden at the head of his cook and butler!" Still, like most things that happen, it has its meaning, which Time, the Discoverer, will bring to light. These squeaking puppets and ridiculous men of straw at Cochituate Hall do not throw their arms and legs about of their own inherent vitality. Wiser or more cunning hands pull the wires which cause their comical gesticulations. And as soon as they have done their work, when the manager's end is served, they will be unhooked and thrown into a corner to be forgotten.

It is, doubtless, an *underbidding* or *trumping-up* game, such as is well understood at your Bogus Auctions. It is a trick not unknown in the Stock Exchange where Diddlesex Shares are run up, or down, by a conspiracy of jobbers and brokers, until they are brought to the buying or selling point. It is my supposition that Mr. Webster is holding out for the offer of the Senatorship to be vacated by Honest John Davis (so called, as Prince John suggested while he sojourned in the Goshen of Free Soilism, to distinguish him from some other John Davis that was *not* honest) on the Fourth of March next ensuing. I will venture to insure the Whig Central Committee, for a very moderate premium, that Webster Whiggery will incontinently expire, and that in its stead will be seen a Great Orator stumping it through the State for Scott, if they will but make this proposition to him. Were I a Scott Whig, I should regard such a proposition as a polite arrangement for cutting my throat. As my hopes and expectations are equally prized between the two parties, they are free to do as they please in the premises. Only, if they do this little thing, it will add another to the many gratifying proofs that all the fools are not dead yet. For it will be remembered that the bear in whose comfortable coat the Great Secretary desires to be clothed is yet running at large in the woods, and that the belief that this is the destination of his skin may materially affect the chances of the hunters in the grand chase of next November.

You must pardon me for having condemned you to such company as I have in this letter. But what is to be done if nothing *will* happen? We have had a great drought here meteorologically, psychologically and *gossipologically*. Had it not been for the Webster doings, we should have perished. But we are now in the midst of a pouring rain, and perhaps it will bring up a crop better worth gathering than one of Winslows, Curtises and Smiths.—D. Y.

LETTER FROM REV. S. J. MAY.

BUXTON, ELGIN SETTLEMENT—REV. WILLIAM KING.

Syracuse, August 20, 1852.

Mr. Editor: After spending the greater part of the day in Chatham, Canada West, of which I gave you some account in my last, I hired a conveyance and rode to Buxton, distant ten or twelve miles. My companion and guide was a likely coloured man, whom I met with on the Steamboat. He recently joined the community that is settled on the Elgin purchase. I learnt from him that, until within a short time, he had been a slave and a waiter in one of the principal Hotels in St. Louis, Missouri. He made no complaint of personal ill usage; said he had always had a plenty to eat and to drink; yes—his clothing had been generally handsome, the cast-off apparel of gentlemen whom he had served, and his food often the refuse delicacies of a hotel table. He added with some emphasis, "indeed, Sir, I have never worked so hard, nor fed so poorly, as I have done since I came to Canada, *but then I am now a free man.*" It was not cruelty, physical suffering that had driven this man with his family into the wilds of Canada, but a *great sentiment*, the love of liberty—the passion of noble souls.

The country through which we passed was, for five miles, a dead level; then somewhat rolling. In no part of my ride did I pass over a high eminence, or see an abrupt hill. Our road for five miles was through a primitive forest, heavily timbered with oak, beach, maple, elm, hickory and ash. Here and there a recent settler had cleared up a few acres; but for the greater part of the way, the woods were separated from the road only by the ditches on either side. Five or seven miles from Chatham we came to a small uninviting tavern, supported mainly, I was informed, by the sales of beer and whiskey. At this house we turned upon what is called a military road, laid out by the Government, as I was informed several others are, across the entire peninsula. On both sides of this road the land was cleared up, in some places a hundred rods, in others a half of a mile, beyond which could be seen naught but dense woods. Farm houses were scattered along rather sparsely, some of them wearing a comfortable appearance, but none of them making any pretensions to the beautiful. These, I was told, were occupied by English and Scotch settlers. The crops of hay and grain which they were gathering showed plainly that the soil was ready to make generous returns to those who would cultivate it.

It was after sundown when my companion announced to me that we had just entered upon the Elgin Purchase, a tract of land six miles long and three miles wide, comprising nine thousand acres, which had been bought by a company of gentlemen residents in Toronto, Hamilton and other parts of Canada, and held for the accommodation of coloured men of good character, who may be able to purchase farms at Government prices, and on Government terms. This company took the name of the Elgin Association, because the project was warmly espoused by the present worthy and very popular Governor of Canada. The plan was devised, the association formed, the necessary subscription raised ($16,000), the location selected, and the settlement commenced and managed chiefly by the energy of one man—*the Rev. William King*. This gentleman is a Scotchman by descent, an Irishman by birth. He is a Presbyterian Minister, educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Some fifteen years ago he emigrated to the United States, and settled as a Classical Teacher in the State of Mississippi. He married a lady residing near where his school was located. Shortly after, his parents died, and he thus came with his wife into the possession of a considerable property in slaves. He was ill at ease in such a possession; but as he held it in the right of his wife, he did not feel at liberty to do with it exactly as he would. About five or six years ago his wife died, and shortly afterwards both of his children. By this dispensation, he was made the proprietor of the persons of fifteen fellow beings, and he was brought to feel that the great purpose of his life should be to deliver them from Slavery, and place them in circumstances where they might become what God made them capable of being. After much prayerful thought and inquiry, he was persuaded that they would be more favourably situated in Canada than any where else. Accordingly he went there, and soon found many persons in different parts of the Province who sympathized with, and were ready to aid, him. He traversed the great Peninsula of Canada West extensively, in various directions, and made his selection of land with a wise consideration of the qualities of the soil, the facilities for drainage, and the access to market. The Elgin Purchase is now called Buxton, in honour of Thomas Fowell Buxton; its greater length of six miles stretching across from within four or five miles of Lake Erie to within two miles and a half of Thames River, which empties into the St. Clair Lake. There is just descent enough to take off the surface water. The Railroad from Niagara to Detroit will pass along the borders of this township.

Having ascertained that this township of nine thousand acres could be purchased at the Government price, Mr. King bought the farms that lie along the Military road, which was then the only opening into the tract he proposed to occupy, not wishing that there should be any inhabitants in the town of Buxton who were not living there under the auspices of the Elgin Association, and subject to the rules and regulations of that body. He then paid the amount required in order to obtain from the Government a title to the land; and caused the township to be accurately surveyed, and laid out into regular and equal sections by roads (there called concessions) 64 feet wide, parallel to the Military road in one direction, a half a mile apart, and at right angles to it, at a mile apart. These concessions subdivided the township into sections containing each 200 acres; and these sections were again divided into farms of 50 acres each.

Mr. King then made public his intention of settling his township with *coloured people*. He made arrangements to bring on from the State of Mississippi those who had been his slaves, and offered to sell farms of 50 acres each for $2 50 an acre, to any coloured men bringing satisfactory testimonials of good moral character; subscribe to the laws of the institution, pay $12,50 down, and agree to pay as much every year for nine years. So soon as it became known that the new township of Buxton was to be settled by coloured people, some of the neighbours bestirred themselves to prevent it. Threats of personal violence to Mr. King were frequently made. A town meeting was held in Chatham to oppose the execution of his project. He appeared at that meeting, and succeeded, in some measure, in allaying the excitement which had been gotten up. He exposed to them the plan of the Institution, the terms and conditions of settlement, and satisfied them that Buxton could not become peopled by a shiftless, improvident set of persons. Then he reminded them that he and his fellow settlers were to become British subjects, and would therefore be under the protection of the Government, and could not be molested with impunity. At any rate, it would be much wiser, as well as more generous, to wait until it should appear whether the people of Buxton were to be a nuisance to their neighbours. If that should prove to be the character of the new comers, then measures could be taken to remove them. He moreover offered to buy the farms of any persons who, after two years trial, should find the vicinity of the coloured colony too offensive to their prejudices to be longer borne.

William King showed himself to be a man of too much energy of will to be turned aside from the accomplishment of a great purpose, even by mountains of obstacle or cataracts of opposition. He was too courageous to be at all intimidated by threats of violence; and at the same time too discreet to provoke hostility unnecessarily. He went forward quietly with the work he had undertaken. It is two years and a half since the settlement commenced, and now there are ninety families established there.

When we arrived at Mr. King's house, which is on the great road, and about in the centre of the township, it was almost 9 o'clock. We perceived that there was a gathering of people there, and I learnt from my companion that it was their regular Thursday evening prayer meeting. So soon as we were near enough, we could hear the voice of an aged man, supplicating the Divine blessing. I could not see him, but his words and his tones were such as "Uncle Tom" would have uttered; and for the moment I felt as if I were listening to that good man, to whom Mrs. Stowe's pen has given a real existence, and a ubiquity, wherever the English language is understood. When he had closed, and the assembly of twenty or thirty had risen from their knees, I heard for the first time the voice of *William King*, that man who had come from the universities of Scotland, by the way of a Southern plantation, to open an asylum for our oppressed countrymen, in the wilds of Canada. His clear, strong, kind tones, and the benediction he gave them, were an assurance to my heart that he really loves the people, for whom he has sacrificed and is still sacrificing so much; and that he has the resolution, as well as the desire, to do for them the good he has devised.

The people began to disperse immediately after the good man's blessing; but so soon as he learnt that I was at the door, he shouted "come back, come back, here is a friend." I addressed them a few minutes and then, at his request, appointed to meet them and others in the chapel, on the next evening. I spent a couple of hours with Mr. King, in his well furnished study, and then went to bed and slept soundly until morning.

Mr. King owns a farm of two hundred acres, which he bought before he had purchased the whole township. He occupies a log house, that was built by the former owner. At the end of this, and on a line with its front, he has erected another log cabin, which is fitted up and used for the present as a chapel; behind it is the frame of a tower, in which is hung a sonorous bell, given by the coloured citizens of Pittsburgh. Along the front of the house and chapel is a rough, but neat, piazza, that will soon be covered by vines of diverse sorts, that are clambering up its several posts. These buildings stand about 200 feet from the road, and between them is a lawn, almost level. The day I was there, two men, formerly slaves, were taking from it a fine crop of oats. Opposite the chapel is a broad carriage path down to a substantial gate way, which stands in a circular recess on the road. On the one side of the gate way is a substantial hewn log house, 22 feet by 18, whitewashed, and with windows arched somewhat in gothic style. This I learnt is the School House. On the opposite side of the gate way is a similar, but smaller, building, on the front of which is a neat sign, "Buxton Post Office." Until this was erected, the English, French and Scotch farmers, who occupied the farms along this military road, had lived without a Post Office nearer than Chatham. About thirty rods from the Post Office is a well furnished Blacksmith's shop; and a little farther in the rear of Mr. King's house, is a newly opened brick yard. These all are public conveniences, and allowed to be so by the white farmers, who live within reach of them, not excepting the School, to which several of them gladly send their children, the complexion of most of the pupils notwithstanding.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. King and I took horses, and set off for an excursion into the woods to visit the new settlers. We turned into the first "concession," i.e. public road, leading from the great Military road, upon which the School House, Post Office, and Blacksmith's shop stand, and after about a quarter of a mile were in the woods, or "the Bush," as they there call it. Marked trees and stakes showed the boundaries of the road, but this "concession" was so encumbered by the fallen trees, not yet burnt up, that, not being much of a horseman, I conceded the saddle, at our first stopping place, and determined to tramp it through the Bush, as far as Mr. King might think fit to lead me.

Our first stopping place was the home of the man who first settled on the Purchase. His name is Riley, a very black, and a very handsome man. I was much interested in him, his wife and children. Their manners and conversation evinced a clear sense of propriety and of the true purpose of life. They had fled from Missouri, where they all were slaves. But they assured me they had never known physical hardship until since they came to live in the woods. Their master and mistress had always been kind to them; they had always had a plenty of coarse but good food and clothing, and a comfortable hut to live in. They had never themselves been whipped nor overworked; nor had they ever seen others cruelly treated. "Indeed," said Mr. Riley, "we have experienced so little ill-usage ourselves, and have witnessed so little cruelty, that we have been hardly able to believe the stories we have heard since we came into the free States and Canada."

"Why then," I asked, "did you run away from Missouri?" "Ah," replied Mr. K., "the thought that we *were slaves* was always disagreeable; and we did not like to see the fruits of our labour taken by another; and then we knew all the time that we were liable to be sold, perhaps to be sent down the river to New Orleans; and more than all, we did not like to see our children growing up as ignorant as we were, and to think that they too would be slaves." I asked, "have you bettered yourselves by coming into these woods?" "Indeed we have," was his earnest response. "To be sure we have had to work hard, and sometimes to fare poorly, and we have been rather lonely; but we have had good health, and have made out to live and to pay considerable towards our farm; and soon, if God spares us, we shall own it all, fifty acres, with a comfortable house, and a cow or two, and several pigs, and a lot of poultry. And now we have neighbours, and shall soon have more; and we have a good school for our children, and we have good meetings to go to, and we are getting to be somebody." I wish I could have transcribed exactly the words of this man and his wife, and still more the expressions of their countenances, and the tones of their voices, as they were descanting upon the blessings of freedom even in the woods, and the evils of Slavery even with a kind master, and plenty to eat and drink.

I inquired of these interesting people how they escaped with their children. They informed me that as they were not suspected of any intention to run away, they took a favourable time and occasion to get off and make their way to a person of whom they had heard, about 30 miles off, the keeper, I suppose, of what may be called a station on the under-ground Railroad. There

they were kindly received and secreted, until all search for them was discontinued, and then they came on from one "station" to another, until they crossed into Canada. But, at the house of the first friend who sheltered them, they came nigh losing credit and sympathy, because they could show no scars, and had no tales of cruel treatment to relate. Having, however, established themselves in the confidence of the first, they easily passed through the hands of all others to whom they were successively commended.

After leaving the Riley family, we went in several directions, on different "concessions," and visited ten or twelve other houses of these enterprising men and women, who, *for the sake of liberty*, had subjected themselves to the loneliness, the privations, and the severe labours of first settlers in an unbroken forest. Their hardships, of course, cannot have been very light, especially to those of them who had been always used to the comforts of the city, or of the houses of wealthy planters. But all that I saw seemed cheerful and hopeful. Every one of them that had been on his place a year or more, had not only a good log house, but his door-yard fenced in, and from one to two acres of ground cleared up, at least so far as to admit of its being planted with potatoes, corn, and a variety of vegetables, among which, I, for the first time, saw growing the sweet or Carolina potatoes. Nearly every one of the settlers has one or more cows, several pigs, and some poultry.

One of the conditions of settlement is that every one who purchases a farm shall, within a year from the time of his purchase, erect a substantial log house, at least 24 feet long, 18 wide, and 12 feet high. This ensures room enough for a small family; and will be promotive of health and comfort. The houses are to be placed 33 feet from the "concession," and for four rods in front of each house there must be a neat picket fence. Several of those I visited were already finished, and were really picturesque. Around their doors and windows were rose and other bushes, and various vines, and their door-yards were smooth grass plats. As brother King was describing to me his plans, he seemed already to see the long rows of comfortable dwellings on either side of the "concession," and to be wholly unconscious of the masses of fallen timber that encumbered our way, and scarcely to think of the labour it must take to make all these roads passable. If, however, his colonists go on as they have begun, I shall be able, if I go there five years hence, to ride on horseback through every one of their concessions, without leaping any ditches or jumping over logs.

We called at the house of one man who, in consequence of hard usage when a slave, and exposure in making his escape, had, six or eight weeks before, been stricken down with paralysis. But we found everything about his grounds looking as well as any we had seen. He had a fine corn-field, a nice potato-patch, and an abundance of beans, cabbages, tomatoes and onions. All these, he gratefully told me, had been planted and hoed for him by his neighbours; and said he with a joyous tone, "Bless God, Mr. King, I will be able to take in the harvest myself."

But I must not detain you much longer with my narrative.

The house that we visited farthest from Mr. King's was three miles distant, the temporary dwelling place of my companion on the way from Chatham the afternoon before. I had promised him I would call upon his family, and, although already weary, I pressed on nearly a mile more than I should otherwise have gone, to fulfil my promise. But we found none of his family at home. Not expecting us (as we learnt in the evening) at the hour we came, they had gone off a quarter of a mile to the land he had purchased, and where he was putting up his log house. So I tucked a visiting card into a crack in the door, and we set our faces homeward.

We had now walked more than five miles, winding our way amongst fallen trees, climbing over logs, and jumping ditches; and the return of three miles seemed to me a formidable undertaking. But William King is a joyous, as well as a devout man, and he beguiled the way by his pieties and pleasantries, as naturally mixed as they are in Burns.

But we had an incident or two, that excited me not a little, and made me forget myself. We had passed, on our tramp out, several fires that were set to burn up the logs and trees that encumbered the "concession." Soon after we commenced our return, we came in sight of an immense elm, a hundred feet in height, one of the giants of the primitive woods, that was in a blaze from the bottom to the top. Flames were running around the trunk, and along its principal branches, and at last a column of fire shot up several feet above its very tip. It was a glorious sight; and while we were admiring, a number of the topmost limbs fell with a crash to the ground, thus enhancing the sublime by a touch of the terrific. Soon after, we came to another of these fires, that had enlarged the sphere of its operations, and was rapidly devouring a well made rail fence, with which the owner had but lately enclosed his premises. We shouted at the top of our voices to give him notice of the disaster, and then went to work and cleared off several lengths of railing, to confine the destroyer to those it had already laid hold of. We rested a while at several of the houses of these grateful people, who refreshed us with sweet milk and bread, and some nice apple pie. It was 4 o'clock before we got back to the gate in front of Mr. King's house.

The school was just closed, and the children were coming out. But the teacher called them in again, that I might have the pleasure of seeing them a few minutes; and then detained the class in Latin for a recitation. Several of the members of the class were absent, a girl and two boys; one of the boys was a son of Mr. Riley. The others were two of the fifteen slaves whom Mr. King emancipated. They translated to me several sentences a piece, and parsed a number of words. The boys made several blunders, but the girl not one. She was 14 years old, and I never heard a child of her age construe and parse better than she did.

Soon after sundown the people came together in the Chapel, in greater number than I expected. Several of them had walked three miles, and were to return after the meeting, over the "concessions," that seemed to me hardly passable by daylight. Nevertheless they showed no impatience; but after I had closed my discourse and given them my benediction, they tarried and conversed with me and each other awhile longer. Among them were three of the men who defended their inalienable rights at Christiana, and repulsed their assailants. If our fathers of the Revolution deserved to be applauded as they are, would it be a misnomer to call these men heroes?

I assure you that, after my day amongst them, I felt a much deeper respect for this whole people than before. I perceived that they had been animated and impelled by one of the noblest sentiments that can take possession of the human soul—the love of liberty, the determination to be free. And they had made sacrifices in its behalf. There appeared in them some points of striking resemblance to our Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Like them, they had fled from the abodes of civilized men, and sought homes in the wilderness, that they might be free. Like those men of old, whom we are wont so highly to revere, they count it all joy to suffer hardships, perils by land and by water, travels by night, a flight in the winter, and a life in the wilds and in an inhospitable climate, if by so suffering they may secure to themselves and their posterity the boon of freedom. Who will presume to say that as great results will not come out of this expulsion of the coloured people from our country as came out of the expulsion of the Jews from Egypt or the Puritans from England?

Will you not allow me to occupy your columns once more on this deeply interesting subject? I have a few more facts to state, and a few suggestions to offer respecting the fugitives in Canada.

Yours, truly,
SAMUEL J. MAY.

ERRATUM.—In my last letter your compositor made me say that "I left Detroit, ascended the Detroit River, crossed the South-eastern part of *Lake Erie*." It should have been St. Clair.

LETTER FROM P. PIXLEY.

THE CHURCH, THE BULWARK OF AMERICAN SLAVERY—AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW A NATURAL OFFSPRING.

"Prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

FRIEND GAY—It is a common thing to denounce and lay heavy charges against parties and individuals without ever stopping to prove those charges. Now I am expecting to prove the premise which I have laid—that the Church is the bulwark of American Slavery, and the Fugitive Slave Law its natural offspring. I expect to do this by comparing the Gospel taught and illustrated by Jesus Christ with that which is taught by the Orthodox of the present day, with their necessary results.

Jesus Christ holds up the Father as a perfect standard of moral excellence, and calls on men to copy after that character which he represents Him to possess, as the sum total of his exhortations. For example: But I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that hate you; do good unto them that despitefully use you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and who sends the rain on the just and on the unjust; Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in Heaven is perfect. Quotations to almost any extent might be multiplied to show that the Father is held up for a pattern of imitation, as the highest standard of moral excellence; and we become children of God just in proportion as we become assimilated to His character; and children of the devil just in proportion as we are unlike Him. This is the sum of his teaching, or his Gospel, which, in the course of his labours in Judea and Gallilee He enforced with a great variety of familiar illustrations, showing, that to do good, and to forgive injuries, is the grand criterion of moral excellence, and that fasting and praying is a mere outside show calculated to deceive both themselves and others. Can the children of the Bride chamber mourn (he asks) while the Bridegroom is with them? But the days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days; that is, fasting and praying are prompted by the circumstances, and it is all a deception to make that a duty which can only be performed in sincerity when the circumstances shall call it forth; and when the circumstances did call it forth, you might as well stop a cataract as to stop fasting and praying, viz., David, when the son of unlawful intercourse was smitten with death—but how ridiculous to make such an ado and lie all night on the ground while his son was sporting in his mother's arms. Although the disciples did not fast and pray then, they would hardly be restrained from fasting and praying when they should see the Roman Soldiers nail their Master to the cross.

But I was about to present some of those illustrations by which Jesus Christ held His Father as the standard of moral excellence, and an imitation of whom would be necessary to become one of His children. For example: to the enquiry of Peter, how oft his brother should sin against him and he forgive him, Jesus replies: I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven. Therefore (He says) is the Kingdom of Heaven like unto a certain king who would take account of his servants, and, when he had began to reckon, one was brought unto him who owed him ten thousand talents, and forasmuch as he had nothing to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold and all that he had, and payment to be made—whereupon that servant fell down at his feet and worshipped him, saying, have patience with me and I will pay thee all; then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and freely forgave him the debt because he desired him. In this illustration it is not once intimated that the lord anticipated the servant's failure and had provided the means of getting his pay, even before he lent him the money, so that now nothing remained to hinder the ballancing of accounts, but the ratification of the servant as having accepted of the terms. I say that the above illustration of Jesus intimates nothing of this kind—but simply that the lord forgave him all that debt because he desired him, and that Peter and others were to become sons of God by practising often the same pattern. To save the trouble of lengthy quotations with which all Bible readers are acquainted, I will assume it as true that all the illustrations describing the manner of the sitting of Christ's Kingdom are of similar import, and challenge proof to the contrary—that is, God receives prodigals simply on their returning to their father's house, without saying anything about the goods wasted.

The necessary result of belief in the teachings of Jesus Christ is to throw men upon what is called Legality, or to act as stewards to whom goods are entrusted, of which a good or bad use can be made, and to believe that an even handed executive will measure out forgiveness in proportion as they forgive, and in proportion as they possess those qualities of excellence which were manifested in the life of Jesus Christ; or, in other words, in proportion as they possess the grace of Christ and spirit of the Father, so will they be approved; and not because they believe in the excellence or sufferings of another as passed over to their account. These are some of the results which follow a belief in the Gospel which Jesus Christ taught, viz., that a good tree bears good fruit. Now I wish to examine for a few moments the Orthdox Gospel of the Nineteenth Century and its necessary results. The Orthodox Gospel represents God the Father as destitute of forgiveness. The law which he has issued is so pure and holy that one violation forever shuts out the transgressor from all hope of pardon because he desires it. The only proposition of renewed favour is based on the condition that spotless innocence endure all the penalty which was deserved by the transgressor, and then the transgressor can be received as pure and holy, if he is willing to accept of the transfer of claim and penalty; but if not, he also must suffer the penalty which the substitute has already suffered for him; so two penalties are endured for the same offence. Still farther, God the Father from the beginning foresaw the result of his creation, and provided a remedy for the offence before the agent who would commit the offence had been created; and after the first pair all their descendants come into existence so tainted with sin, that they can be accepted only through this remedy. To keep before the mind this lost condition—this hopeless state—and to hold up before the mind the necessity of faith in this remedy, is the sum total of Orthodox Gospel. The grand theme is Jesus the Saviour of sinners, by having satisfied the Father's claim.

Inability is the starting point of this Gospel, and therefore exhortations to exhort beings to repent, or to exercise powers which it is denied that they possess, is anti-gospel.

To give to God a character to correspond to this Orthodox Gospel, an illustration something like the following would be necessary: Jesus Christ, instead of saying to Peter, therefore is the kingdom of Heaven likened to a certain king, would have said, *but* the kingdom of Heaven is likened to a certain king that would take account of his servants; and when he had began to reckon, one was brought unto him who owed him ten thousand talents, but forasmuch as he had nothing to pay, the lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made; and the servant fell down at his lord's feet and worshipped him, saying, have patience with me and I will pay thee all; but he would not have compassion on him, saying, you have trampled on my authority, you have despised my holy law which canno be violated with impunity, the penalty must now be inflicted, there is no other alternative, a recompense I will have from you or some one else. But I saw all this before, and had made my arrangements accordingly; I have found a ransom; I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have found a spotless victim who is able and willing to endure the penalty. Now just receive him as your righteousness and your salvation without money and without price, and you shall be made white as snow, and all your sins cast behind your back. Don't try to make yourself any better; come just as you are; come to a bleeding Saviour. He died for just such sinners as you are; to satisfy the claims of his holy law, which you have broken, was the object of his mission to this world. Don't be so deluded as to think you can ever get to Heaven by your own righteousness. Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Now we will look at the result of orthodox teaching, by holding the Father as a pattern of imitation. According to this Gospel, I can be perfect as my Father in Heaven, and have no compassion on my brother who owes me five hundred pence; or rather whom I have reduced to penury and Slavery; but reject his entreaties for a lengthened time of payment, or mitigation of the sentence, and command him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he has, and payment to be made; but before the fetters are put on and the privilege of locomotion cut off, he takes to his heels and escapes for his life. But I put my bloodhounds on his track, whose well known yells direct my onward march until I overtake him exhausted and panting in his flight. I take him by the throat, and say, pay me that thou owest; or if he is not sufficiently tame, I first level him with a block of wood or some other misile, that I may more easily rivet on the fetters to send him back to expiate his crime, by making him a public example. My partner in business coming up, enquires the cause of this marked severity. I tell him this fellow owes me five hundred pence—and beside that, my law has been violated, which now cannot be satisfied without making the offender a public example, so that others may fear and, by this manifestation of my wrath, be induced to shun the terrible consequences. Loose him! loose him! cries my partner I will pay the debt and suffer the penalty. Let your vengeance fall on me; I will be made a public example that the immutability of your law may be made manifest. So I take the surety and pour out upon him all my vengeance, wringing it out to the very dregs. This is being perfect as my Father in Heaven is perfect. This is forgiving as he forgives according to modern Gospel. The natural result of such a Gospel is exhibited to the life in the carrying out of the Fugitive Slave Law. This is all the forgiveness that modern Gospel can contemplate. Gorsuch was exhibiting the character of his Heavenly Father to the life in the Christiana riot. To be a slaveholder and an oppressor is in keeping with such a Father for a pattern. Slavery then is not an outbreak from Christianity, but is the exhibiting its very element.

Teaching of Jesus Christ.	*Orthodox Teaching.*
He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, is like a wise man, who built his house upon a rock, which stood the test of storms and winds.	It is not necessary for a man to lie, to swear, or to steal, to secure the loss of the soul, only live a good moral life and the end is accomplished; and I have no doubt that more souls go down to hell by just living a good moral life than in any other way.—*Mr. Day, Revival Teacher.*
I will have mercy and not sacrifice.	I will not have mercy without a sacrifice.
What doth the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly before him.	What does the Lord require of thee, O man, but to believe in that spotless sacrifice which he has provided; cast yourself right upon this bleeding Saviour.
He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.	He that walketh uprightly shall have the lowest place in Hell.—*Prof. Thome, Oberlin.*
He that speaketh a word against the son of man, it shall be forgiven him.	He that rejecteth the atoning sacrifice of God, is sealed over for damnation.
God will reward every man according to their works—to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, immortality and eternal life.	God will reward men according to their faith and not according to their works. They must give up every idea of being saved by right doing before they can be saved at all.

Falsehood evades agitation and shuns the light, but truth shines brighter by agitation. Let this subject be agitated till it rests on truth. P. PIXLEY.

P. S. I would hint to Joseph Treat, that if he was made an Abolitionist because he was surrounded with Anti-Slavery sentiment, he would be a Dough face if he got into Congress. If Giddings and Hale had not principle to resist influence, they would have flagged before their Southern masters. P. P.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, August 13th, 1852.

MY DEAR GAY: It cannot fail to interest you to learn that shortly after George III. was gathered to his fathers, I was obliged, in order to learn the art of printing, to leave the bounds of that "guarded and religious education" which Friends' children are taught to consider their especial privilege; in plain English, I left school and commenced my apprenticeship in an office where a good many of my fellows were staunch Roman Catholics, with whom I was now for the first time associated on terms of equality. In my early days, before O'Connell had stamped his mark upon Ireland, there was a sort of aristocracy in Protestantism. Protestants looked on themselves as *ex officio* of a more refined clay than their Romish countrymen. They closed the doors, and whispered, when they talked of the *Papists*. They rejoiced in descent from the English settlers and victors, who defeated and dispossessed the original inhabitants of Ireland. The feeling resembled that which prevailed between the immediate descendants of your Pilgrim Fathers and the Indian remnant, while Indians were still left in New England. I found that my Roman Catholic compeers were as fully impressed with the persuasion that Protestants only waited an opportunity to cut Irish Papists' throats, as I had ever been with their disposition to do the same friendly office for me. I heard it stoutly averred that Ireland was a larger country than England, but that the English government had craftily contrived to have the maps so constructed as to convey a different impression. I then found, also, that Ireland had a history of her own; and, between you and me, I have never since got over the conviction that a bloodier, more fractious, more distracted history has never fallen to the lot of any Christian nation.

I am driven back to these recollections of the days of other years by a recent visit from some friends (*not* Friends) from England, with whom we are intimately associated in the bonds of Anti-Slavery fellowship. The American friend whom I mentioned in my last was still with us, so that we formed a tidy little protracted Abolition Convention of our own. Our English friends were attracted partly by our Anti-Slavery sympathies, and partly by the wish to see Ireland with their own eyes. They had visited the Channel Islands, as we call Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, and other specks of land off the coast of France, the remnants of that Norman Dukedom of which England was for centuries an appanage; and they wished to be assured by actual observation that Ireland was something more than a name—that it had length and breadth as well as thickness—that it was really bigger than Alderney, which is famous for cows, and is, I believe, about the size of the Hill of Howth, that little peninsula you may trace on any good map of Ireland as forming a natural breakwater on the Northeast side of Dublin Bay. Geography is, I believe, generally taught in good English schools, but, if we are to judge by results, the Geography of Ireland forms but a small part of the course. In the minds of many Englishmen, a confused notion prevails that this whole Island is about the size of Yorkshire, and that the inhabitants, with some rare exceptions, are ragged, barefooted, and addicted to fighting and assassination, that the mailcoaches are thatched with straw, and that security of person and property is unknown. Our guests remained long enough to see that Dublin is a stately and regularly-built city, with many beautiful public buildings, and a large number of inhabitants in the enjoyment of competence, some even of luxury. They saw poverty enough, it is true, but not more than might be expected in the capital of a country whose past history and recent sufferings have been such as Ireland's.

Having "done" Dublin, we set forth to explore the country; and you may judge of the surprise of my fellow tourists when I tell you that, through the South and West, by Cork, Glengariff, Killarney, the County of Clare, and then home by railway from Galway, we completed 500 miles before reaching Dublin again. Our trip was new to all the party except myself, and yet, perhaps, it was as interesting to me as to any of us. In Cork, we saw the great National Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures now open there, an humble imitation of its great predecessor in London. I was greatly gratified by the show, which is creditable to Cork and to Ireland, and such as few other countries in Europe of the same extent could have surpassed. The objects exhibited are all Irish or the work of Irish hands, and the variety is very great, ranging from some of the finest productions of the chisel of Hogan to sundry samples of pickled salmon, which also looked admirable, though I had no nearer opportunity of testing their excellence. We sailed down Cork River, and visited its spacious and beautiful harbour. The town of Cove, opposite the mouth of the harbour, the villages and country seats on its shores, the squadron of the Royal navy, and the multitude of ships, yachts and pleasure boats on its bosom, the fortified islands scattered over its spacious expanse, the busy steamboats, with their decks crowded with well-dressed, pretty, cordial Corkonians, with their friendly, hearty Cork accent, which I delight to hear—all these (the accent excepted) make up such a delightful prospect on a cheerful summer's day as you could not easily excel, even in the land that whips every land and every body in every thing. From Cork to Galway, our tour was partly in search of the picturesque, and partly that my fellow travellers might see some of the poorest parts of Ireland. I had not visited the West since the years of famine, and the opportunity thus afforded for comparison was deeply interesting. We saw plenty of rags, beggary and poverty, but little or no appearance of starvation. No part of the country is now far distant from a work-house, where all the inhabitants of the district who please to enter may obtain shelter, clothing and a supply of good wholesome food, fully equal to that which the industrious peasant can obtain for the ordinary wages of labour. In the work-house, however, there is considerable restraint; the sexes are separated and family relations do not exist. The inmates must submit to these tests of destitution, and in general they prove amply sufficient to prevent any from entering except those who are too old, too young, or too helpless to obtain a living outside the work-house walls in the present condition of the country. We visited the work-house of Kenmare, and, as we passed along, made repeated enquiries respecting the condition and prospects of the people. Nearly all the poor look to the United States as their land of promise. Amongst many of whom I enquired, I met with none who had not some relatives or friends in the United States, and to whom the name of Boston, New York or Philadelphia was not at least as familiar as Cork, Dublin or Liverpool.

You will regret to hear that the potato has again failed to a great extent this year. The breadth of land planted with potatoes is said to be as great as in any former year, but it is estimated that at least one-half the crop will be ruined. This will destroy a prodigious amount of food, and will greatly diminish the confidence of farmers in the prospects of the country. We are informed that great numbers of the people now think only of leaving Ireland by the first opportunity. I do not regret the emigration on behalf of those who go. They will mend their condition, or perish in the attempt.

This vast drain of our population will bring our aristocracy to a sense of the necessity for those measures of sound policy which alone can induce the people to stay at home while America is open to them. You might as well try to prevent the passage of water from a higher to a lower level as to obstruct the tide of Irish emigration to America. So long as a man who can scrape together 20 dollars can escape from rags and want to good clothes and a full stomach, so long will the poor Irishman migrate, until, by some great change of circumstances, Ireland becomes as desirable a land to live in. We have a genial and healthy climate, our people have strong local and social attachments, and it is a terrible state of things which forces them across the wide ocean to the burning summers and tremendous winters of the United States.

I am told that, owing to the numbers who fall away from the Mother Church in America, the Romish priests in Ireland do all they can to discountenance emigration. The social independence of the white inhabitants of the States is unfavourable to the lordly domination wielded in Ireland by the people's "venerated clergy."

The elections for a new Parliament have just concluded, and in many parts of the country they were marked by unusual violence and intimidation. The voters were appealed to with the persuasive eloquence of sticks and stones, dead cats, and virulent abuse. I heard, from a credible informant, that the priests in the County Carlow stowed away hundreds of the peasantry in a monastery, and kept them there eating and drinking, bringing them up in batches to the polling booths in that state of comfortable unconsciousness in which temperance proselytes have been known to take the pledge from Father Mathew. The same informant told me that the police and soldiery, under countenance of the Tory magistracy and landlords, swept the country of the priests' leavings, and kept the poor landholders in durance until they had secured their "free and independent" votes. Between priestly terror and the dread of ejection by tyrannical landlords, there is hardly any such thing as freedom of election in Ireland. No wonder the peasantry are rejoiced to shake off the dust of their feet against their native land, and escape to the uttermost parts of the earth from their "beloved landlords" and their "venerated pastors." The priests have obtained the return of some intense ultramontainists, who are ready to postpose all interests, national, imperial, commercial, or educational, to those of the Pope. The English and Scotch elections indicate a degree of improvement in the mode of conducting the selection of members of Parliament. In Ireland, the brutality has been most disgraceful, and the shame cannot fail to recoil upon the clerical instigators. Like the priests of Diana in ancient Ephesus, the priests here are excited to violence by fear. In the West of Ireland, the people are becoming Protestants by thousands, particularly in the Counties of Galway and Mayo, where the famine raged so terribly, and the Protestant clergy were among the most zealous and devoted administrators of relief to the sufferers. In the East, the people are pouring forth in multitudes by all the posts towards America and Australia. It is no wonder, then, that desperate efforts should be made, by all means, to retain those who remain.

I have not time to say much of the country that we travelled through; of the exceeding richness and beauty of the woods, lakes and mountains of Killarney, in all their charming and unsurpassed combinations; of the regret I felt in leaving them, only lessened by the anticipations of the renewed delight with which I would visit them again; or of the grand coast scenery of the County of Clare, especially the stupendous cliffs of Moher, which stretch for miles in one tremendous perpendicular battlement of rocks, ranging from 400 to 600 feet in height; or of that extraordinary district reaching along the coast from Moher round to the shores of the Bay of Galway, where a large portion of the surface is bare of all vegetation, and stretches away inland, to the height of 1,000 feet, in vast terraces and mighty boulders of the finest limestone; while the crevices of the rocks are occupied by patches of the greenest and most luxuriant vegetation, which equal the productiveness of a greater surface and depth of earth, in consequence of the genial character of the strata on which it lies. With the exception of the Giant's Causeway, I know of no coast scenery in Ireland so interesting as that of Clare; and the portion I have just alluded to is so little known that I have never seen its remarkable character specially alluded to in books.

But to leave this subject, I wish to say that the general sentiment of the people of Great Britain and Ireland is unquestionably abhorrent of the system of chattel Slavery, but it is so slightly informed respecting it that ninety-nine of every one hundred you meet are easily reconciled to the sophistry of pro-slavery or slaveholding American travellers amongst us. I can perceive their trail in our newspaper and periodical literature, and it is clear to me that those who have hitherto presided over the Anti-Slavery press in England have very imperfectly performed their trust. Their hearts have been more engaged in catechising and opposing the slave's friends than in baffling and exposing his enemies. This conviction is so strong in the minds of some that they have suggested the establishment of a periodical to be mainly devoted to the discussion and revelation of American Slavery; and since I have heard the idea started, I have been startled by the number of extracts that might be culled from your Anti-Slavery newspapers showing the degree to which your country is becoming disgraced and depraved by sordid submission to the dictates of the slaveocracy. I have been amazed by the sentiment offered by Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, at the Baltimore Convention, that American Slavery is a part of American liberty, and by that letter of Col. Benton, of Missouri, to his adherents, in which he shows that, in spite of all the hypocritical complaints to the contrary, the Free States are, in war and in peace, in commerce and in every thing that concerns the national morals and policy, the humble servants of the slaveholders. If the idea of this new Anti-Slavery paper should consolidate into a reality, I will let you know as soon as I obtain certain knowledge of it myself.

Since the death of Henry Clay, a number of articles, written with great ability, have appeared in the *Daily News*. As you may not have seen them, I send you the slips of such as I have been able to procure. You should have had them at the time; but as the paper is published daily in London, and I have not ready access to it, I did not know of them till sometime after. You may consider it worth while to lay them before the readers of the *Standard*, as indicating the views of American policy held by one of the ablest of the London journals.

I heard, about a week ago, that M. and Madame Kossuth have arrived in England. If this be true, the absolute obscurity into which he has fallen is in strange contrast with the enthusiastic shout of welcome that hailed him on first landing in Great Britain, such as no other man without title or recognised position ever before received in that country. I do not attribute this change to popular inconstancy, but to the loss of reputation resulting from his miserable attempt to reconcile American slaveholders to the cause of European liberty. I am sorry for "the great Hungarian," but am glad that his treason to the principles of universal liberty has met with its just reward.

I find that Wm. P. Powell has changed his residence to 7 Clifton Street, Everton, Liverpool, instead of the place named in my last letter; of which you will please to advise his friends.

I remain yours, ever truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

Congressional.

UNITED STATES SENATE.

MR. SUMNER ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

IN the Senate, on the 26th of August, an opportunity was given Mr. Sumner to deliver his suppressed speech on the Fugitive Slave Law. That law it seems, was not considered altogether perfect, inasmuch as it did not provide for all the expenses which might be incurred in carrying it into execution. The attempt to amend it, which attempt, it will be seen, succeeded, absolutely challenged debate, and Mr. Sumner was not slow to avail himself of the chance it afforded him to open the whole subject. That which courtesy denied him he seized as a right, and of course, was denounced accordingly; the prohibition to meddle with the law extending only so far as to prohibit action or speech against it. We copy the Telegraphic report of the debate, but shall give Mr Sumner's whole speech as soon as we receive it.

The appropriation bill was before the Senate on Thursday the 20th, ulto., when

The Committee reported the following amendment:

And be it further enacted, That when the Ministerial Officers of the United States have or shall incur extraordinary expenses in executing the laws thereof, the payment of which is not specifically provided for, the President of the United States is authorized to allow the payment thereof under the special taxation of the District in which the said services have been or shall be rendered—to be paid from the Appropriation for Defraying the Expenses of the Judiciary.

Mr. Sumner moved to add: "Provided that no such allowance shall be made for expense under the act of September, 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave act, which act is hereby repealed."

Mr. Sumner said this question was no longer an abstraction It was brought here in a practical manner by one of the Committees of the Senate. Beneath those words "extraordinary expenses" lurked the question on which by solemn vote the Senate refused to hear him. He now would speak on it, not as a courtesy but as a matter of right. The graceful usages of the Senate may for a time be abandoned, but the privileges of debate, the parliamentary law could not now be abridged. The whole subject was now open for discussion, and with the blessing of God it would now be discussed. One of the ancient lawgivers of Greece provided that any individual proposing to repeal any existing law should do so in the public assembly with a halter round his neck. With somewhat similar tyranny was thrown the same protection around this obnoxous institution. He would speak with a full knowledge of his responsibilty impressed forcibly, with a conviction of the horror and inhumanity of Slavery, feeling and believing that it was a local institution and in no way national in character, and, one with which the National Government had no connection.

He could not allow this session to come to a close without expressing his condemnation of the cruelty, inhumanity, and unconstitutionality of the enactment. He knew that he was in a small minority, and that Slavery was as sensitive as it was powerful, but would speak freely and candidly. All he was or may be he freely offered to this cause. He belonged to no party, the slave of principles he acknowledged no master in either party. His life had been early identified with the Democratic Idea not the Democratic Idea shown under party organization, but that idea transfigured in the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and in the precepts of Christianity. He occupied a place in the Senate from no act or desire of his own; he never before held office; he was here by the free choice of his native Commonwealth; in answer to all inquiries on the subject, he said he did not desire the office. He would speak boldly, because he spoke from conviction, warmly because he spoke from his heart. He would not speak of slaveholders, but he would assail the institution pronounced by Jefferson to be an enormity.

The Conventions of both political parties had recently declared that the question of Slavery had been finally settled; but this was not so. That subject was in all hearts, in all minds, on all tongues—it pervades all meetings—it threw its shadow over these halls—it comes to Congress asking an appropriation in its behalf, and, like the daughters of the horse leech, it still cries, "Give! give!" No legislation could be final, no act or constitution could be final; nothing but truth was final. The idea of that settlement being final was not only illegal but absurd—it would exclude the freedom of speech and of debate. In vain could the despotism of the Old World be denounced when its leading feature is borrowed and attempted to be inforced here. He protested against such a rule. He would not, could not, abandon his right. Slavery would be discussed. It was not possible to imagine a greater error than that Slavery is a national institution—it was an institution which the fathers of the Country refused to name in the Constitution. Both parties, in supporting Slavery, became national, and all who did not support it were declared sectional.

He argued that Slavery was not in any way sectional; it existed, and only could exist, by virtue of positive law, and was so held by the Supreme Courts of Mississippi and Kentucky. It was not named in the Constitution. The word Slave does not pollute the charter of our rights. No power was in the Constitution to allow Congress to create a slave, nor to hunt a slave; that power is only to be found in doubtful interpretations. The preamble of the Constitution speaks of freedom. He read the debates on the Constitution by Messrs. Ellsworth, Gerry and Madison, showing that they all considered Slavery sectional, and they were opposed to making it national. He read various authorities on this point.

He referred to the circumstances attending the first inauguration of Washington in New York, and after describing it at length said, that at that proud moment the National Ensign nowhere covered a single slave—then was Slavery sectional and Freedom national. The Government thus formed was Anti-Slavery. Washington was a slave-holder, but it would be unjust to his memory to say he was not an Abolitionist. He had expressed himself in favour of some plan by which Slavery might be abolished by law. Washington and John Adams, Hamilton, John Jay and Jefferson, the companions and friends of Washington, were all Abolitionists; and he quoted at length from their speeches and writings to that effect. The Church at that time also united in the cause of freedom and against Slavery. The Quakers, Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists all united in the glorious cause of freedom. The Colleges of Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth did the same. Franklin, Rush, Jefferson, and other writers of that day, all took the side of freedom. Patriots, scholars and Christians all engaged in the work, such being the feeling of the time when the Constitution was adopted.

He contended it was never then understood that Congress had the power to make a slave or to give any man the right of property in man. The slaveholders of the present day, numbering only 300,000, had succeeded in dictating the policy of the National Government, and have written Slavery on its front, and now an arrogant and unrelenting ostracism is applied, not only to all who express themselves against Slavery, but to every man who is unwilling to be the menial of Slavery. Could Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, the demigods of our history, once again mingle in affairs of earth, not one of them could receive a nomination from either party. Out of the convictions of their hearts and the utterrnce of their lips against Slavery, they would be condemned.

He referred to a case decided in England by Lord Mansfield, in which a negro slave was declared free, and said he looked forward to the day when Court and Congress will proudly declare that nowhere under the Constitution can man hold property in man. He denied that the provision in the Constitution respecting fugitives from labour, was any of the compromises of the Constitution upon which the Union was established, and read from the debates in the Convention, which formed the Constitution, to show that this was adopted without debate and without opposition. It was not discussed in any State Convention, nor in the Federalist. The act of 1793 was passed mainly with regard to the restoration of fugitives from justice. In 1850 this act was passed. He was filled with painful feelings when he read the bill. The masterly subtlety with which it was drawn might challenge admiration, if exerted for a benevolent purpose, but in any age of sensibility and refinement, a machine of torture, however skilful, cannot be regarded without horror. In the name of the Constitution (which it violates), of this country which it dishonours—of humanity, which it degrades—of Christianity, which it offends, he arrayed this enactment, and now held it up to the judgment of the country. There was no attribute of God which does not unite against this act. It made no difference of colour or condition. Every freeman was liable to its outrages, wrongs and pains. There is no safe ground of human freedom which it does not set at naught. It committed the most sacred rights to the unaided judgment of a petty magistrate, whose fees were doubled provided he decided against freedom No statute of limitations against freedom was allowed by it. It was a usurpation by Congress, not granted by the Constitution, and an infraction of rights secured to the States. It took away trial by Jury in a question of personal liberty, and a suit at common law.

The Congress of 1793 also passed an act to charter the Bank of the United States, which was now considered by many unconstitutional. If that Congress erred in passing that act, why could it not have erred in the Fugitive act. The precedent was of no authority. He read from the biography of Story to show that in the decision by the Supreme Court in the case of Prigg and Pennsylvania, the right of a fugitive to trial by jury was not touched, but was an open question. He read also from a veto message by Jackson that Congress and the President were not to be ruled by opinions of Judges of that Court in their legislative functions. He examined the question of the power of Congress over this subject, and read again from the proceedings of the Convention to show that the framers of the Constitution intended to give Congress no such power—had they so intended, they would have explicitly given Congress power to establish a uniform rule for the surrender of fugitives from labour throughout the Union. But no person in the Convention, not one of the reckless partizans of Slavery was so audacious as to make this proposition. Had it been made it would have been denied—the manner in which the provision was adopted, the indifference with which its adoption was followed, showed that it was regarded as a source of national power. It was the peculiar duty of the States to protect the liberty of its citizens—this act denied to the States this right of power. In this fatal overthrow of State-rights was a lesson which might return to plague the teacher, compelling the National Government to stretch its Briarean arms into the free States for the sake of Slavery.

It was shown how it may stretch these same giant arms into the Slave States for the sake of freedom. He then examined in great detail the right of trial by jury in all cases involving the personal liberty or right of property; in either of these views the party was entitled to a trial by jury, which this act denied. He quoted largely from many English authorities on the subject. He ran a parallel between the circumstances attending the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765, and the opposition to its inforcement in the Colonies, and the passage of this act and the hostility of the people to it. The Stamp Act was welcomed in the Colonies by the Tories of that day precisely as this Slave Act has been welcomed by large and imperious majorities of this day. The Judges of that day charged Grand Juries to notice all resistance to it, and like the Marshals, the Custom House officers called in the soldiery to aid in its execution. That act was resisted by the people in peaceful phalanx and they triumphed. Earth, fire and water can be subdued, but Truth could never be.

In one year after, the Stamp Act was repealed—it was consigned to the charnel-house of history with the unclean things of the past. It now rots. Thither the Slave act is destined to follow. The Stamp Act was an infringement only of civil liberty—it touched not the person. As freedom is more than property—as man is above the dollar he earns—as Heaven is higher than the earth—so are the rights assailed by an American Congress higher than those once assailed by the British Parliament, and in the same degree would history condemn the Slave Act more than the Stamp Act.

He enlarged upon the objection to the law, that it lacked that essential support to the public conscience of the States where it is to be inforced, which is the life of all law, and without which any law must become a dead letter. And he held that this duty of consulting the feelings of the people was recognised by Washington, who, in writing, in 1796, to get a slave of his returned, said he did not desire any measures to be resorted to which would result in a mob, or cause uneasiness in the minds of the people. That fugitive was never returned, but lived till within a few years past. It was to be regretted that Washington desired her capture. From this act of Washington, swayed by the policy of the world, he appealed to Washington writing his will. However he may have appeared before man, he appeared before his God as the liberator of his slaves.

This law wherever it was attempted to be inforced, had produced popular disturbances, and he referred to the several mobs and outrages following the inforcement of the law. Commercial interests had twice prevented efforts in behalf of the abolition of Slavery. It delayed the suppression of the slave trade in the United States. It interfered now in behalf of this act. That interest lends its aid to the slave-hunter, as to that which could not be touched without defilement. So it would appear that all who lent themselves to execute this act, the spirit of it entered their hearts as the devil entered the swine. The hearts of the people were right on this subject. Poetry and literature came to aid the cause of freedom. The feelings of women were enlisted, and over 100,000 copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had been sold already. He cited this as the testimony of the people against the principle of that law He cited the case of Vincent de Paul, who was a fugitive slave. The efforts of these slaves to escape to freedom showed they were possesseed of high and noble aspirations, and often displayed a courage and endurance equal to that of romance. He considered the Slave Act as opposed by divine law, and he would prefer to be the humblest restored fugitive, than to aid voluntarily in its enforcement. He could not obey any law which his conscience told him was unconstitutional and opposed by divine law. He was for the immediate repeal of the law.

Mr. Clemens said he would not reply to the speech which had been imposed on the Senate. The raving of a maniac might sometimes be dangerous—the barking of a puppy never did any harm.

Mr. Badger said that the Senate of the United States never before heard such an extraordinary speech as the one just delivered—extraordinary in its matter and extraordinary in the time and occasion occupied for its delivery. The Senator at this stage of the session, when time was pressing, had consumed three hours and a quarter in an elaborate oration, carefully prepared, committed to memory and adorned with ancient learning and modern lore, interspersed with Latin quotations. The Senator came here under a pledge to immediate action for the repeal of this act.

Mr. Sumner—Never.

Mr. Badger thought he could show the Senator came to the Senate so pledged, but for seven months kept quiet. Late in July the Senator desired to be heard, and the Senate refused for want of time to hear him; and now, when a few days only remain, three hours and three quarters were consumed in redeeming that pledge, by an amendment to an appropriation bill. He denied that any man ever contended that Slavery was a National Institution, It was a State Institution—a State Government, State Constitution and State laws were all local, sectional institutions. The Government of the United States, in case of insurrection, was bound to aid the State Government to protect it. They were bound to guarantee to such State a local Republican Constitution. If its laws were violated and the offender escaped, the United States were bound to aid in the execution of those laws by aiding in the recovery of a fugitive offender. So with Slavery. It was a State Institution, and Congress was required as in other cases to give its protection. All the objections to the constitutionality of the act of 1850, applied to the act of 1793, which was signed by Washington, and framed by a Congress in which were many of those who framed the Constitution. He then argued at length the constitutionality of the acts of 1793 and 1850. He denied that Washington was an Abolitionist. He made no war on Slavery; he did not oppose the laws which enabled others to recover their property. He liberated his slaves, but the Senator from Kentucky did the same, and no one regarded Mr. Clay as an Abolitionist. He then read extracts from speeches made by Mr. Sumner during 1850, upon the Fugitive Slave Act, its authors, approvers and enforcers, and commented thereon with much severity.

Mr. Dodge (Iowa) said he voted for the Fugitive Slave Act, and if necessary, would vote now for more stringent measures.

Mr. Hale followed, complimenting Mr. Sumner for his able and eloquent speech.

Messrs. Douglas and Weller followed, in reply to Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Chase sustained the Senator from Massachusetts.

Messrs. Rusk, Toucey and Bradbuary, continued the debate, in support of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. Jones said if the Senate would consent, he would publish his remarks, but not deliver them. Agreed to.

Messrs. Bright, Cooper and Pratt continued the debate on the soundness of the political parties on this question.

Mr. Cass said he did not vote for the Fugitive Slave Law, because a provision for a trial by Jury to the fugitive in the State to which he was restored was not inserted.

Mr. Sumner's proviso was rejected: Yeas 3; Nays 47.

YEAS—Messrs. Chase, Hale, Sumner, Wade—4.

NAYS—Messrs. Adams, Badger, Bayard, Bell, Borland, Bradbury, Bright, Brodhead, Brooke, Butler, Cass, Charlton, Clarke, Clemens, Cooper, Dawson, De Saussure, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Felch, Fish, Geyer, Gwin, Hamlin, Houston, Hunter, James, Jones of Iowa, King, Mallory, Mangum, Mason, Merriwether, Miller, Morton, Pearce, Pratt, Rusk, Shields, Smith, Soule, Spruance, Toucey, Underwood, Upham, Walker, Weller—47.

The Committee's amendment was agreed to.

Marriages.

GAY—BLOOD.—In Worcester, Mass., on Friday, Aug. 27th, at the Unitarian Church, by the Rev. Mr. Hill, Eben'r Gay, Esq., of Hingham, to Miss Ellen Blake Blood, daughter of Dr. O. H. Blood, of Worcester.

THE WATER CURE JOURNAL.—A new volume commences with the present July number. Published monthly, illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the structure, anatomy, and physiology of the human body, with familiar instructions to learners. It is emphatically a Journal of Health, designed to be a complete Family Guide in all diseases.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE DAUGHTER OF COLERIDGE.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY REED.

A NOTICE OF THE LATE MRS. HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, WRITTEN FOR THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE late London journals contained the following notice in the obituary list:

"May 3 (1852), At 10 Chester Place, Regent's Park, Sara Coleridge, aged forty-nine years, only daughter of S. T. Coleridge, and widow of Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq."

This brief and simple record is the announcement of the death of one, who may be described not only as a very gifted member of a gifted family, but in genius and acquirements one of the most remarkable women of our own or other times. Such was the modesty of her career of authorship and so little did she solicit public applause, that these words of strong eulogy may surprise many: but the friends who knew her and have studied her mind, her learning, and withal the beautiful feminineness of her character will recognise the praise as faithful and not fanciful. The highes critical authority in England. in an article written about two years since, speaking of the daughter of Coleridge, described her as "the inheritrix of her father's genius and almost rival of his attainments." To appreciate the panegyric implied in this comparison there is needed only the ready recollection of what were the poetic and philosophic powers of that father and what was the vast range of his erudition. The daughter's mind resembled the father's in its discursive character and in the well-constituted combination of the poetic and philosophic elements; with no self-considering economy of its strength and resources, it strove not for reputation, but like the father's, with simple earnestness for the cause of truth in the large circuits of its thoughts in the regions of literature and art—of morals and theology. The genius and learning which, if she had sought for fame, would soon have won it, were expended for the most part in editorial notes and prefaces and in familiar correspondence; and so varied were her writings and so rich in thought and in the accumulation of knowledge, that they may be compared to the conversation and "*marginalia*" of her father—distinguished by such difference as originality gives, and by the transfiguration, as it were, of womanly thought and feeling. In these resemblances much of hereditary influence may, of course, be traced, but in the educational formation of her mind and character, Mrs Coleridge (as she remarked to a correspondent in this country) owed more to the influence of Wordsworth and her uncle Southey.

It is to be hoped that, in due season, a suitable biographical tribute will be rendered to the memory of this eminent lady; and we venture to add the hope that it will be the work of that sole surviving brother who found fit fraternal duty in the delicate task of telling with fidelity and with affection the story of the life of Hartley Coleridge. At present the object of the writer of this article is merely to throw together—without any pretension to method—some particulars respecting Mrs. Coleridge's character and writings, together with some of the references to her that have come under his observation

It may be well to remark, in the first place, that Mrs. Coleridge's high intellectual powers were held in harmony with that feminine delicacy and gentleness, which sometimes are injured by pride or vanity attendant on the notoriety of authorship. Indeed a noticeable peculiarity of the story of her literary labours is that they were prompted, not so much—if at all—by ambition of authorship, as by some form of duty—filial for the most part, or maternal, which led to the publicity of print. If hereafter the narrative shall be given of the origin of each of her publications, it will be found that some moral motive was interwoven with it; and that in taking a public place in the company of authors, she preserved every grace of female character in perfect completeness. It was a career of womanly authorship of surpassing dignity and beauty, disfigured by no mean motive or mannish temper. It was the same spirit, which kept her remarkable learning pure from all taint of pedantry, for she bore her varied attainments with the ease and grace with which a high-bred woman carries the customary accomplishments of female education. Well versed in theology, she discussed some of its most difficult questions, and, both in her printed writings and private correspondence, with a natural and unaffected ease, as if in simple unconsciousness of the [illegible] tion lying beyond the range of women's studies, and indeed seldom attained by laymen; and so in her criticisms on art or on poetry—ancient as well as modern, there is the same graceful self-possession—the same unconsciousness of mere self—the tranquil and vigorous assertion of matured and well-reasoned opinion, ever coupled with such an unassuming womanly suavity, that manly scholarship, ever and anon remembering that it is a woman's work, stops to marvel at it. A great charm of all Mrs. Coleridge's writings lies in this: that you recognise not only the processes of a strong and clear-sighted intellect, but the full pulses of a woman's heart; they largely illustrate that unison and harmony of the intellectual and moral powers, wherein is to be found, we believe, one of the chief characteristics of genius

It is not without interest to know that along with these eminent mental endowments the personal appearance of Mrs. Coleridge was very attractive. The loveliness of her girlhood caught the sense of beauty in an artist's eye; that accomplished painter, the late William Collins (distinguished chiefly as a landscape-painter), writing to Washington Allston in 1818, said: "Coleridge's elegant daughter, Sara, I have made a painting of. She is a most interesting creature, about fifteen years of age." The memoir of Collins gives also a characteristic criticism by Coleridge himself on this picture of his daughter; in a letter to the painter he says: "Your picture of Sara Coleridge has quite haunted my eye ever since. Taken as a mere fancy-piece, it is long since I have met with a work of art that has so much delighted me. If I described it as a union of simplicity with refinement, I should still be dissatisfied with the description—for refinement seems to me to express an after-act, a something superinduced. Natural *fineness* would be more appropriate. Your landscape, too, is as exquisite in its correspondence with the figure as it is delightful to the eye in itself."

Some years later, when the child's beauty had ripened into the developed beauty of thoughtful womanhood, another artist, using the pictorial power of words and verse, instead of the pencil, portrayed both the character and the appearance of Sara Coleridge I refer to that poem of Wordsworth's—"*The Triad*," in which he has described the eldest daughter of Southey—his own, only daughter (her whose death was the grief of his old age)—and the only daughter of Coleridge. The passage descriptive of the last is as follows:

"'Last of the Three, though eldest born,
Reveal thyself, like pensive morn
Touched by the skylark's earliest note,
Ere humbler gladness be afloat.
But whether in the semblance drest
Of Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west,
Come with each anxious hope subdued
By woman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into rest
—Or I would hail thee when some high wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age.'

"Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e'er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt
On the flower's breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
Call to the heart for inward listening—
And though for bridal-wreaths and tokens true
Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly spring from turf the mourner weeps on—
And without wrong are cropped the marble tomb to strew.'

This is exquisite poetic painting—the imaginative portraiture of the finest feminine beauty, wherein are visible, deep meditativeness and the tenderest feeling.

The childhood and early womanhood of Sara Coleridge were spent under the generous guardianship of her uncle, Southey, in whose house at Keswick she, with her mother and brothers had a happy home for many years. During that period she also enjoyed the fatherly intimacy of Wordsworth, and very often was his companion in long rambles through the beautiful region where the poet dwelt—listening to his sage discourse with the earnest ear of thoughtful youth—listening (as she described it after the poet's death), not to record or even to remember, but for delight and admiration. Under such propitious guidance, or in the joyous fellowship of her brothers or of her sisterlike cousins, did she learn to hold communion with nature, and thus was her poetic soul strengthened. In after years in dedicating to Wordsworth her edition of the "*Biographia Literaria*," fitly and with feeling did she subscribe herself—"With deep affection, admiration, and respect, your child in heart, and faithful friend, Sara Coleridge." Such, for many of the most susceptible years of her life was the outdoor existence of this child of genius, and with it were combined the finest opportunities for literary culture, for her home was the house of Southey—a house of books—the laboratory of one of the most industrious and comprehensive students of the age. Never, perhaps, were such opportunities given for the formation of a woman's mind and character, and never were privileges more happily improved. The influence of her father's mind—other than that which was hereditary transmission—belonged to latter years.

Miss Coleridge's first literary production was during her Keswick residence, and had its origin manifestly in connexion with some of Southey's labours: it began probably in affectionate assistance given to him, while engaged on his great South American history. In 1822 there issued from the London press a work in three octavo volumes, entitled, "*An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian people of Paraguay. From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, 18 years a Missionary in that country.*" No name of translator appears, and a brief and modest preface gives not the least clue to it; even now in catalogues the work is frequently ascribed to Southey. At the time of the publication Miss Coleridge was just twenty years of age, and therefore this elaborate toil of translation must have been achieved before she had reached the years of womanhood. The stout-hearted perseverance needed for such a task is quite as remarkable as the scholarship in a young person. The modesty which marked the manner in which the work was put before the public seems to have continued in after years for in none of her writings or letters, as far as I am aware, did she think it worth while to set forth her claim to the nameless translation.

Coleridge himself spoke of it with fond and just admiration, when in 1832 he said, "My dear daughter's translation of this book (Dobrizhoffer's) is, in my judgment, unsurpassed for pure mother English by anything I have read for a long time" ("Table Talk," vol. ii., p. 81). Southey in his "Tale of Paraguay," which was suggested by the missionary's narrative, paid to the translator a tribute so delicate, and so controlled, perhaps, by a sense of his young kinswoman's modesty, that one needs be in the secret to know for whom it is meant. It is in the stanza, which mentions Dobrizhoffer's forgetfulness of his native speech during his long missionary expatriation, and alludes to the favour shown him by the Empress Maria Theresa:

"But of his native speech, because well-nigh
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
In Latin he composed his history;
A garrulous but a lively tale and fraught
With matter of delight and food for thought.
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
As when he won the ear of that great Empress Queen."
Canto III., stanz. 16.

Charles Lamb, in an epistolary strain eminently characteristic, echoes the praise bestowed upon his friend's child and her rare achievement. Writing to Southey in 1825, in acknowledgment of a presentation copy of the "Tale of Paraguay," he says: "The compliment to the translatress is daintily conceived. Nothing is choicer in that sort of writing than to bring in some remote impossible parallel—as between a great empress and the inobtrusive quiet soul, who digged her noiseless way so perseveringly through that rugged Paraguay mine. How she Dobrixhoffered it all out, puzzles my slender Latinity to conjecture." (Talfourd's Letters of Charles Lamb, vol. ii., p. 189).

In 1829 Miss Coleridge was married to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge, a barrister, and brother to Mr. Justice Coleridge, of the court of the Queen's Bench.* This event is thus mentioned by Mr. Cuthbert Southey in the biography of his father (vol. vi. p. 72): "The autumn of the year (1829) was marked by a great change in the household at Greta Hall. From the time of my father's first settling at Keswick, where, it will be remembered, he found Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge residing, she and her only daughter had formed part of the family circle, and now the latter was to change, not her name (for she was about to marry her cousin, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge) but her state and residence; and Mrs. Coleridge was about to take up her permanent residence with them. This of course, was like parting with a sister."

This was the beginning of a married life, which lasted about thirteen years, until her widowhood. In some lines composed by her brother Hartly—dated January, 1843, and entitled "On the Death of Henry Nelson Coleridge"—in the following passage the poet's vision is turned in retrospect to his sister as a bride: and the beauty of her character—at once so gentle, and so mighty in the strength of its affections—is impressively portrayed:

"My sister loved him well!
She was a maid (alas! a widow now)
Not easily beguiled by loving words,
Nor quick to love; but when she loved, the fate
Of her affection was a stern religion,
Admitting nought less holy than itself.
Seven years of patience, and a late consent
Won for the pair their all of hope. I saw
My sweetest sister in her honeymoon,
And then she was so pensive and so meek,
That now I know there was an angel with her
That cried Beware!"

The same poem contains this picture of her as a wife and mother:

"But he is gone, and all
The fondest passages of wedded life
And mutual fondling of their progeny,
And hopes together felt, and prayers when both
Blended their precious incenses, and the wish
That they together might behold the growth
And early fruit, most holy and approved,
Of their two darlings, sinks in voiceless nigh,
And is no more."

—*The Poems of Hartley Coleridge*, vol. ii. p. 178.

The married life of Mrs. Coleridge (if it be not intrusive to make the comment) was rich in the best elements of conjugal happiness: wedded to a gentlemen of high moral worth, and of fine mind and scholarship, one who blended literrture with his professional pursuits—she was not exposed to the perils of intellectual superiority. The marriage was blest with the birth of two children—a son and daughter—and the mother was too wise and gentle "to permit" (to borrow a phrase of her own, elswhere applied) "the interests of intellectual pursuit to override those of the affections." The married life of Mrs. Coleridge was indeed exemplary and admirable especially in this, that no sense of endowment of genius, or of learning, or of conversational and epistolary talent—no ambition of authorship or of distinction in the cultivated society she was familiar with in the metropolis—tempted her away from the paths of domestic life, wherein she found her duty and delight.

It was in such duty that Mrs. Coleridge's next publication had its origin. When her first work appeared in print, a maidenly modesty had kept her name in seclusion, and the simple little volume entitled '*Pretty Lessons for Little Children*' was her first acknowledged act of authorship: this was characteristic; it was a mother's work which might be avowed with matronly modesty, and it shows to what humble service genius and high scholarship can gracefully descend. The volume, which has gone through several editions, consists of short pieces of poetry addressed to her son and daughter, partly for moral guidance, and partly for instruction in the Latin vocabulary and other elementary subjects. It is interesting to trace the fruits of the mother's zeal in the recent academic success of the son, who, within the last few weeks, has gained the highest honours in the University of Oxford—the name of Herbert Coleridge appearing as that of what is styled "a double first-class man"—the highest rank of scholarship, both in classics and the mathematical sciences. It is sad to observe that the mother did not live to enjoy this recompense of a mother's care and promise of the son's future reputation; his Oxford honours were conferred about a month after her death.

In 1837, Mrs. Coleridge published the fairy tale, '*Phantasmion*,' of which the *Quarterly Review* said—"This beautiful romance is not a poem, but is is poetry from beginning to end, and has many poems within it. It is one of a race that has particularly suffered under the assaults of political economy and useful knowledge—a Fairy Tale, the last, we suppose, that will ever be written in England, and unique in its kind. It is neither German nor French. It is what it is—pure as a crystal in diction, tinted like an opal with the hues of an ever-springing sunlit fancy." And speaking of the fine metrical skill shown in one of the poems, the reviewer remarks, "These surely are lines which would have pleased the ear of Collins—or of *the* Coleridge." Article on "British Poetesses," Vol. 67, P. 411.

The death of Coleridge, in 1834, brought to his daughter a new set of literary duties, first shared with her husband, and then fulfilled by herself alone. The filial work occupied her whole authorship during the remainder of her life—though much was done, which, it is hoped, will appear in the form of literary remains. Her husband was Coleridge's literary executor, to whom was committed the delicate trust of collecting and arranging for publication the scattered remains of that remarkable mind. Mr. H. N. Coleridge was, however, not only a man of letters and an author, but was occupied in a responsible and laborious profession; and it is reasonable to suppose valuable assistance was given to him by his wife, in the compilation of her father's literary remains, and in the editing of his works. During the decline of her husband's health, she was his helpmate also in his professional labours; and when it is mentioned that she was his amanuensis in copying papers for him as a chancery-barrister, it will be seen that her pen, fit as it was for creative or poetic service, was ready, for her husbands help, to do the mechanical drudgery of the most technical and unattractive copying.

The last ten years of Mrs. Coleridge's life were years of widowhood; for her marriage vow was such as, in Spenser's phrase, "would endless matrimony make," and when her wedded happiness on earth was over, it left sorrowing memories of the past, and Christian hope of its restoration in the life to come. To this subject I have found allusion made by Mrs. Coleridge, once, and once only, and then with a delicacy and depth of emotion very expressive in its reserve, and characteristic of a nature in which the powers of thought and the susceptibilities of affection were so well adjusted. In a soul so constituted, the memory of the dead husband, and all the feelings which clung to it, were things too sacred for any sentimental soliciting of sympathy; they belonged to the silence of self-communing thought. The passage referred to is in one of the notes to her editon of the 'Biographia Literaria,' in which she replies to some remarks of Mr. DeQuincey's on the infelicity of the marriages of men of letters, and his sarcastic comment on the happy phrase—"social silence"—which had been used by Coleridge. The whole note is very interesting, and in Mrs. Coleridge's best vein, but the sentences which, for my present purpose, I must tear from their context, are as follows:

"On the domestic part of the subject, Mr. DeQuincey expresses opinions rather different from those which my experience has led me to form; I pity the man who cannot enter into the pleasure of 'social silence,' and finds nothing in Mr. Coleridge's description of a literary man's evening but a theme of sarcasm. . . . . Somewhere else Mr. DeQuincey eloquently declares that 'every man who has once dwelt with passionate love on the fair face of some female companion through life, must have commended and adjured all-conquering Time, there at least, and upon that the tablet of his adoration,

'To write no wrinkle with his antique hand.'

"There is a tenderness of feeling in this, but a still better feeling is displayed in strains like those of Mr. Wordsworth, which, not content with drily exposing the emptiness of any such 'rebellion against the laws that season all things for the inexorable grave,' supply reflections whereby, even in this life, Time may be set at defiance—grace and loveliness may be discerned in every age, as long as the body continues to be a translucent tenement of the mind. But without contending any longer on behalf of those whose charms of *youth* are departed or transmuted, I do maintain that a wife, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her, and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away for ever."—Appendix, Note O.

The literary labours of Mrs. Coleridge, during the ten years of her widowed life, were devoted to one pursuit—the completion of what her husband had begun—the editorial care of her father's writings, and the guardianship of his character as a poet, a critic, and, most of all, as a Christian philosopher. These labours had a moral impulse in the genial sense of duty to the memory of both her father and her husband. It was fit filial and conjugal work; and intellectually it gave full scope to her genius and learning in following the footsteps of her father. There was, too, extraordinary unselfishness in it; for the work was necessarily immethodical and desultory; and thus there have been expended, in the fragmentary form of notes, and prefaces, and appendixes, an amount of original thought and an affluence of learning, which, differently and more prominently presented, would have made her famous. But it was her father's fame, and not her own, that was foremost in her thoughts; and it is this that puts her character in such fine contrast with the self-considering temper of common authorship. There is not one woman in a thousand, nor one man in ten thousand, who would be content to be thus prodigal of the means of celebrity. Mrs. Coleridge's editorship comprehended, first, the 'Biographia Literaria' (which her husband had commenced), then the 'Aids to Reflection,' and afterwards the 'Notes on Shakspeare and the Dramatists;' the 'Essays on his own Times,' and other of her father's works. In her notes and other additions are proved respectively her powers of criticism and of reasoning, especially in theology. The 'Essay on Rationalism,' involving a discussion of the subject of Baptismal Regeneration, though in form simply a prefatory note to the 'Aids to Reflection,' is a treatise which, as the composition of a woman, may be pronounced unparalled: there is no instance in which a woman has travelled so far and so firmly into the region of severe study or sustained such continuous process of argumentation—the subject demanding too extensive research in doctrinal theology. A beautiful proof of her genius and of her varied power, both as a writer of praise and as a poet, occurs in one of the notes, when, in answer to a theological dogma, in support of which a passage from 'The Christian Year' had been quoted, she first treats the truth she is contending for as a question of strict logic and theological authority, and then turning, as it were, to the great living master of sacred song, who had been cited, she appeals to him in a strain of verse which is comparable to his own—as song in the service of the highest truth.

The most attractive of Mrs. Coleridge's writings, in connexion with her editorial labours, will be found in her criticisms—especially those on poetry. Her comment on "The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" may be mentioned as one of the choicest pieces of criticism in the language. In comment—at once imaginative and analytical (and such must be the best criticism on art in any of its forms)—upon poetry, she possessed much of her father's peculiar ability, and some powers in which, perhaps, she excelled him. One of her most remarkable editorial enterprises was the work to which she gave the title of "Essays on his own Times, by S. T. Coleridge." This required her to identify and collect her father's contributions to the London newspaper press during some of the early years of this century—a task of peculiar difficulty to which no hand but one strengthened by filial zeal such as hers would have been equal. This undertaking carried Mrs. Coleridge into the sphere of political history; and the original introductory "Sections" are less noticeable than her writings on literature, art, or theology. The two chapters devoted to a comparison of British and American civilization contain the most judicious and impartial discussion of the two countries which has been written. In the last letter which she wrote to a friend in this country, she spoke of America as "a land in which she would never cease to take an interest."

Of the spirit with which, throughout her editorial writings, Mrs. Coleridge advocated her father's character—as a man, an author, and a philosopher—it is enough to say that it was a daughter's love and a woman's strong sense of truth blended together—filial piety and earnest truthfulness in perfect harmony. On this subject it will be far better to cite her own words—both prose and—what she could at need command—a strain of exquisite moral verse.

"I have not striven" (she said) "to conceal any of my natural partialities, or to separate my love of my father from my moral and intellectual sympathy with his mode of thought. I have endeavoured to give the genuine impressions of my mind respecting him, believing that if reporters will but be honest, and study to say that and that alone which they really think and feel, the colour which their opinions and feelings may cast upon the subject they have to treat of, will not finally obscure the truth. Of this I am sure, that no one ever studied my father's writings earnestly, and so as to imbibe the author's spirit, who did not learn to care still more for truth than for him, whatever interest in him such a study may have inspired.

"These few lines are an attempt to bring out a sentiment, which my father once expressed to me on the common saying that 'Love is blind.'

"Passion is blind, not Love: *her* wondrous might
Informs with threefold power man's inward sight;
To her deep glance the soul at large displayed
Shows all its mingled mass of light and shade:
Men call her blind when she but turns her head,
Nor scans the fault for which her tears are shed.
Can dull Indifference or Hate's troubled gaze
See through the secret heart's mysterious maze?
Can Scorn and Envy pierce that 'dread abode,'
Where true faults rest beneath the eye of God?
Not their's, 'mid inward darkness, to discern
The spiritual splendours how they shine and burn.
All bright endowments of a noble mind
They, who with joy behold them, soonest find;
And better none its stains of frailty know,
Than they who fain would see it white as snow."

—*Biog. Lit.* (ed. of 1847) p. clxxxiv

Thus finely versified and vivified with imagination is set forth a moral truth—precious in the study alike of character and of literature.

Mrs. Coleridge took a cordial delight in correspondence with those who enjoyed her friendship; and should her letters be collected for publication, her genius and learning, and the strength and gentleness of her nature, will be seen in a very pleasing form. It is no exaggeration to say that the literature of familiar letter-writing has produced nothing which can compare with them. It is not only that they are highly intellectual and even learned compositions, but they are genuine letters withal—genuine specimens of what a woman excels in. Her letters are remarkable, indeed, for activity and reach of thought, and for varied and extensive reading; but with such gracefulness and natural ease did Mrs. Coleridge wear her endowments and her attainments, that the simple vivacity and sprightliness of the most agreeable form of familiar letter is not lost or overlaid with learning; her letters are like the animated conversation of a thoughtful and very accomplished woman—vigorous, gentle and unpretending.*

Mrs. Coleridge's health had been delicate for several years, and during the last two years she was the victim of one of the most fearful maladies that flesh is heir to. Towards the end her sufferings were great, but they were borne with the utmost fortitude, her mind retaining its clearness to the last. Within only a few days of her death, she made her last effort upon an edition of her father's poems—the volume which has since been published as "edited by Sara and Derwent Coleridge." In the editorial part of that book will be found the last production of her pen—*tanquam cycnea vox et oratio*. Her filial piety never failed. No sick-room selfishness narrowed her large and generous sympathies. In her last letter to a friend in America, she said: "Of course, all literary exertion and extensive correspondence are out of the question for me in my present condition. * * * * I wish to accompany [in thought] my friends in their ramblings on the face of nature, and I like to hear their views on religion, politics, morals—all subjects of general interest." Speaking of her malady, she said: "I endeavour not to speculate—to make the most of each day as its comes, making use of what powers remain to me, and feeling assured that strength will be supplied, if it be sought from above, to bear every trial which my Father in Heaven may think fit to send."

This was one utterance of the Christian piety which, not only at the approach of death, but through life, was joined with the genius and learning of the daughter of Coleridge.

Philadelphia, July, 1852.

* The name of Sir John Taylor Coleridge should not be mentioned without the recollection that he was the "John Coleridge" of Southey's letters, and the successor of Gifford in the editorship of the Quarterly Review—of whom Southey, writing to his American friend, Mr. Ticknor, in 1824, said—"Under John Coleridge's management there will be an end of the mischievous language concerning your country, * * and henceforth that journal will do all in its power towards establishing that feeling which ought to exist between the two nations."—*Life, &c., of Southey*, vol. v., p. 194.

* To enable the reader to appreciate this harmony of extraordinary female scholarship with entire simplicity and gracefulness of womanly character, he is referred to the "Appendix on the Poetical Picturesque," which Mrs. Coleridge placed at the end of her edition of the "Biographia Literaria." It is an essay of about fifteen pages, in support of a critical remark of Coleridge's on "The Fairy Queen," from which Mr. Hallam and Mr. Leigh Hunt had expressed dissent. The subject is one which admitted, and indeed required illustration, widely gathered from the ancient and modern poets and their commentators. Within this short essay, Mrs. Coleridge cites the poetry of the Bible, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides (with the commentators on the Greek drama, Hermann, Klausen, Scholefield, Sewell), Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Dante, Spenser, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Keats, and Sir Walter Scott—Lessing, Klopstock, and Wieland. Now, when these authorities—from literature, ancient and modern, continental and English—are presented thus in succint array, and without the context, it might be thought that they could hardly have been cited, especially by a woman, without something like pedantic ostentation. But the reader, most inclined to a censorious dread of female learning, will be able to detect nothing of the kind. Everything like pedantry or display seems to be charmed away by the mere power of simple-heartedness; and one ceases to think of the extent and variety of the learning that subserves the well-reasoning earnestness with which the subject is discussed. The reader cannot but feel that it comes from the abundance of genuine scholarship, and he will, I am quite sure, be disposed to think of the writer as Charles Lamb did when he described her as "the inobtrusive, quiet soul, who has digged her noiseless way" through so much learning.

OUR HONOURABLE FRIEND.

WE are delighted to find that he has got in! Our honourable friend is triumphantly returned to serve in the next Parliament. He is the honourable member for Verbosity—the best represented place in England.

Our honourable friend has issued an address of congratulation to the Electors, which is worthy of that noble constituency, and is a very pretty piece of composition. In electing him, he says, they have covered themselves with glory, and England has been true to herself. (In his preliminary address he had remarked, in a poetical quotation of great rarity, that nought could make us rue, if England to herself did prove true.)

Our honourable friend delivers a prediction, in the same document, that the feeble minions of a faction will never hold up their heads any more; and that the finger of scorn will point at them in their dejected state, through countless ages of time. Further, that the hireling tools that would destroy the sacred bulwarks of our nationality are unworthy of the name of Englishmen; and that so long as the sea shall roll around our ocean-girded isle, so long his motto shall be, No surrender. Certain dogged persons of low principles and no intellect, have disputed whether any body knows who the minions are, or what the faction is, or which are the hireling tools and which the sacred bulwarks, or what it is that is never to be surrendered, and if not, why not. But, our honourable friend the member for Verbosity knows all about it.

Our honourable friend has sat in several parliaments, and given bushels of votes. He is a man of that profundity in the matter of vote-giving, that you never know what he means. When he seems to be voting pure white, he may be in reality voting jet black. When he says Yes, it is just as likely as not—or rather more so—that he means No. This is the statesmanship of our honourable friend. It is in this, that he differs from mere unparliamentary men. *You* may not know what he meant then, or what he means now; but, our honourable friend knows, and did from the first know, both what he meant then, and what he means now; and when he said he didn't mean it then, he did in fact say, that he means it now. And if you mean to say that you did not then, and do not now, know what he did mean then, or does mean now our honourable friend will be glad to receive an explicit declaration from you whether you are prepared to destroy the sacred bulwarks of our nationality.

Our honourable friend, the member for Verbosity, has this great attribute, that he always means something, and always means the same thing. When he came down to that House and mournfully boasted in his place, as an individual member of the assembled Commons of this great and happy country, that he could lay his hand upon his heart, and solemnly declare that no consideration on earth should induce him, at any time or under any circumstances, to go as far north as Berwick-upon-Tweed; and when he nevertheless, next year, did go to Berwick-upon-Tweed, and even beyond it, to Edinburgh; he had one single meaning, one and indivisible. And God forbid (our honourable friend says) that he should waste another argument upon the man who professes that he cannot understand it! "I do NOT, gentlemen," said our honourable friend, with indignant emphasis and amid great cheering, on one such public occasion. "I do NOT, gentlemen, I am free to confess, envy the feelings of that man whose mind is so constituted as that he can hold such language to me, and yet lay his head upon his pillow, claiming to be a native of that land,

Whose march is o'er the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep!

(Vehement cheering, and man expelled.)

When our honourable friend issued his preliminary address to the constituent body of Verbosity on the occasion of one particular glorious triumph, it was supposed by some of his enemies, that even he would be placed in a situation of difficulty by the following comparatively trifling conjunction of circumstance. The dozen noblemen and gentlemen whom our honourable friend supported, had "come in," expressly to do a certain thing. Now, four of the dozen said, at a certain place, that they did'nt mean to do that thing, and had never meant to do it; another four of the dozen said, at another certain place, that they did mean to do that thing, and had always meant to do it; two of the remaining four said, at two other certain places, that they meant to do half of that thing (but differed about which half), and to do a variety of nameless wonders instead of the other half; and one of the remaining two declared that the thing itself was dead and buried, while the other as strenuously protested that it was alive and kicking. It was admitted that the parliamentary genius of our honourable friend would be quite able to reconcile such small discrepancies as these; but, there remained the additional difficulty that each of the twelve made entirely different statements at different places, and that all the twelve called everything visible and invisible, sacred and profane, to witness, that they were a perfectly impregnable phalanx of unanimity. This, it was apprehended, would be a stumbling-block to our honourable friend.

The difficulty came before our honourable friend, in this way. He went down to Verbosity to meet his free and independent constituents, and to render an account (as he informed them in the local papers) of the trust they had confided to his hands—that trust which it was one of the proudest privileges of an Englishman to possess—that trust which it was the proudest privilege of an Englishman to hold. It may be mentioned as a proof of the great general interest attaching to the contest, that a Lunatic whom nobody employed or knew, went down to Verbosity with several thousand pounds in gold, determined to give the whole away—which he actually did; and that all the publicans opened their houses for nothing. Likewise, several fighting men, and a patriotic group of burglars sportively armed with life preservers, proceeded (in barouches and very drunk) to the scene of action at their own expense; these children of nature having conceived a warm attachment to our honourable friend, and intending, in their artless manner, to testify it by knocking the voters in the opposite interest on the head.

Our honourable friend being come into the presence of his constituents, and having professed with great suavity that he was delighted to see his good friend Tipkisson there, in his working dress—his good friend Tipkisson being an inveterate saddler, who always opposes him, and for whom he has a mortal hatred—made them a brisk, ginger-beery sort of speech, in which he showed them how the dozen noblemen and gentlemen had (in exactly ten days from their coming in) exercised a surprisingly beneficial effect on the whole financial condition of Europe, had altered the state of the exports and imports for the current half-year, had prevented the drain of gold, had made all that matter right about the glut of the raw material, and had restored all sorts of balances with which the superseded noblemen and gentlemen had played the deuce—and all this, with wheat at so much a quarter, gold at so much an ounce, and the Bank of England discounting good bills at so much per cent.! He might be asked, he observed in a peroration of great power, what were his principles? His principles were what they always had been. His principles were written in the countenances of the lion and unicorn; were stamped indelibly upon the royal shield which those grand animals supported, and upon the free words of fire which that shield bore. His principles were, commercial prosperity co-existently with perfect and profound agricultural contentment; but short of this he would never stop. His principles were, these: with the addition of his colours nailed to the mast, every man's heart in the right place, every man's eye open, every man's hand ready, every man's mind on the alert. His principles were, these, concurrently with a general revision of something—speaking generally—and a possible re-adjustment of something else, not to be mentioned more particularly. His principles, to sum up all in a word, were, Hearths and Altars, Labour and Capital, Crown and Sceptre, Elephant and Castle. And now, if his good friend Tipkinson required any further explanation from him he (our honourable friend) was there, willing and ready to give it.

Tipkisson, who all this time had stood conspicuous in the crowd, with his arms folded and his eyes intently fastened on our honourable friend; Tipkisson, who throughout our honourable friend's address had not relaxed a muscle of his visage, but had stood there, wholly unaffected by the torrent of eloquence: an object of contempt and scorn to mankind (by which we mean, of course, to the supporters of our honourable friend); Tipkisson now said that he was a plain man (Cries of "You are indeed!"), and that what he wanted to know was, what our honourable friend and the dozen noblemen and gentlemen were driving at?

Our honourable friend immediately replied, "At the illimitable perspective."

It was considered by the whole assembly that this happy statement of our honourable friend's political views, ought, immediately, to have settled Tipkisson's business and covered him with confusion; but, that implicable person, regardless of the execrations that were heaped upon him from all sides (by which we mean, of course, from our honourable friend's side), persisted in retaining an unmoved countenance, and obstinately retorted that if our honourable friend meant that, he wished to know what *that* meant?

It was in repelling this most objectionable and indecent opposition, that our honourable friend displayed his highest qualifications for the representation of Verbosity. His warmest supporters present, and those who were best acquainted with his gengeneralship, supposed that the moment was come when he would fall back upon the sacred bulwarks of our nationality. No such thing. He replied thus: "My good friend Tipkisson, gentlemen, wishes to know what I mean when he asks me what we are driving at, and when I candidly tell him, at the illimitable perspective, he wishes (if I understand him) to know what I mean?" "I do!" says Tipkisson, amid cries of "Shame" and "Down with him." "Gentlemen," says our honourable friend, "I will indulge my good friend Tipkisson, by telling him, both what I mean and what I don't mean (cheers and cries of "Give it him")! Be it known to him then, and to all whom it may concern, that I do mean altars, hearths and homes, and that I don't mean mosques and Mahomedanism!" The effect of this home thrust was terrific. Tipkisson (who is a Baptist) was hooted down and hustled out, and has ever since been regarded as a Turkish Renegade who contemplates an early pilgrimage to Mecca. Nor was he the only discomfitted man. The charge, while it stuck to him, was magically transferred to our honourable friend's opponent, who was represented in an immense variety of placards as a firm believer in Mahomet; and the men of Verbosity were asked to choose between our honourable friend and the Bible, and our honourable friend's opponent and the Koran. They decided for our honourable friend, and rallied round the illimitable perspective.

It has been claimed for our honourable friend, with much appearance of reason, that he was the first to bend sacred matters to electioneering tactics. However this may be, the fine precedent was undoubtedly set in a Verbosity election: and it is certain that our honourable friend (who was a disciple of Brahma in his youth, and was a Buddhist when we had the honour of travelling with him a few years ago), always professes in public more anxiety than the whole Bench of Bishops, regarding the theological and doxological opinions of every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

As we began by saying that our honourable friend has got in again at this last election, and that we are delighted to find that he has got in, so we will conclude. Our honourable friend cannot come in for Verbosity too often. It is a good sign; it is a great example. It is to men like our honourable friend, and to contests like those from which he comes triumphant, that we are mainly indebted for that ready interest in politics, that fresh enthusiasm in the discharge of the duties of citizenship, that ardent desire to rush to the poll, at present so manifest throughout England. When the contest lies (as it sometimes does) between two such men as our honourable friend, it stimulates the finest emotions of our nature, and awakens the highest admiration of which our heads and hearts are capable.

It is not too much to predict that our honourable friend will be always at his post in the ensuing session. Whatever the question be, or whatever the form of its discussion; address to the crown, election-petition, expenditure of the public money, extension of the public suffrage, education, crime; in the whole house, in committee of the whole house, in select committee; in every parliamentary discussion of every subject, everywhere: the Honourable Member for Verbosity will most certainly be found.

Dickens' Household Words.

CHARITY.—It is an old saying, 'that charity begins at home;' but this is no reason that it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Cumberland.*

MORAL SEASONS.—With many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing these vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.—*D'Argonne.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FLUENCY OF WOMAN.—Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Woman," says: "I have made woman my study for a series of years, but I never found one who stuttered."

——MADAME GEORGE SAND indignantly denies that she is in receipt of a pension, or has accepted any money whatever from the present Government of France. Even, she says, if her political opinions permitted her to receive the bounty of Louis Bonaparte, she should think it dishonourable to take it when there are so many of her literary brethren who have greater need of it.

——FLAX IN ENGLAND.—The first general meeting under the act for incorporating Claussen's Flax Company for England and the colonies was held recently in London. Upon this occasion it was stated that the shares had been subscribed for; that an adequate amount of capital for acquiring the patent and carrying on business had been paid up; and that extensive works at Bromley, in Middlesex, had consequently been taken.

——AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—We are often entertained, says an English journal, by the tone of sentiment adopted in advertising a death. There is frequently a facetious union of puff and despondency. We will give a specimen of a "death:" "Died, on the 11th ultimo, at the shop in Fleet-street, Mr. Ed., Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him As a man he was amiable, as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only £1 4s. each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock to be sold cheap for the benefit of his family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more reasonable charge than any other house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality."

——COLONEL LANDMAN, who has just published a narrative of his "Adventures and Recollections," while at New York, met with the author of the *Weekly Register* (Cobbett), who went, as is well known, during his stay in that city, by the *soubriquet* of "Peter Porcupine." A few days only before the Colonel called, a dandy walked into Cobbet's shop, and asked to be served with a quarter of a hundred of quills. On receiving them, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Cobbett, I think you have made a mistake." "How so?" replied Cobbett, sternly. "These are porcupine's quills, are they not?" tittering. Cobbett, looking grave and contemptuous, coldly observed, "No, sir, they were—but are now *goose* quills."

——CAPTAIN MACKINON (says the London *Weekly News*) has just published a very interesting volume about America. In one page, describing the scenes in Congress, he says that, once hearing a member attack the navy, he (Capt. Mackinnon) turned to an officer of rank in the American navy, and asked him what the navy would say to such language. "They won't care a cent about it," replied he; "it is all Buncome: besides, it is well known in our navy that the man who is talking in this manner had his car bitten off by a rowdy some time ago. I saw the whole proceeding; and as I held a large stick in my hand, could easily have saved his ear, by knocking the rowdy down. But, of course, I wouldn't, as he was always abusing the navy."

——OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.—The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends say that, after death, old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the East, running like lamplighters all night up and down a ladder.

——A FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR.—We read in the *Droit:* "Our readers may remember the history of the famous imposter who represented himself to be Count Pontis de Ste. Helene, and who played his part with such perfection that Louis XVIII. keen as he was, was deceived by him. The police have just laid hands on an adventurer, who promised, if allowed to go on, to equal the high deeds of Cogniard. This individual pretended to be the last scion of the illustrious family of Gonzague. He called himself Duke of Mantua, Prince of the Roman Empire, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Grand Officer of the Order of Stanislaus, Knight of the Order of Military Valour of Poland, Grand Master of the Order of the Redemption, Lieutenant of the Grand Master of the Supreme Order of the Four Emperors of Germany, Protector of the Orders of Merit of Prussia and of the Lion of Holstein, &c. In 1845 the pretended Prince de Gonzague lived in Paris in great style, and was received by high personages, to whom he had exhibited papers which left them no doubt of the quality which he assumed. Under the last reign he solicited the title of general in the service of France, and for some time it was in contemplation to appoint him colonel of the Foreign Legion. Meanwhile he obtained his entries at court. However, it was discovered that under the name of Mantua, he received an allowance from the French government. That discovery brought disgrace on him, and he thought it prudent to remain in the shade. A few days back a brilliant equippage drew up before the grand entrance of the Elysée. From it alighted a gentleman covered with orders, who declared his name to be the Prince de Gonzague, and asked to see the Prince President on the instant. General Roguet, feeling some suspicion from the tone and manner of the stranger, replied that the chief of the state could not at that moment receive any one; he would, however take care to mention to him the visit thus made. As soon as the visitor had withdrawn, the general sent to the prefecture of police, to ask for information concerning him. An inquiry was at once instituted, and the result was that a warrant was issued against him. A perquisition having been made on Wednesday at his apartment, in the Rue Montabor, a discovery was made of the means by which the sham Prince de Gonzague supplied the expense of his luxurious existence. He had taken on himself the right to confer all the orders mentioned above, for which he caused large sums to be paid. It was thus that he decorated with three crosses, for a considerable sum, an engineer of the Place de la Bastille, who had acquired a large fortune in manufacturing machinery. The illustrious dignitary did not confine himself to selling titles and crosses to honourable persons; he gave them also to individuals who had been disgraced by judicial condemnations. He had metamorphosed into a baron another adventurer who had been liberated from the prison Mazas, and who, by his assurance, succeeded in making a number of dupes. It is supposed that it is by the aid of papers purloined from the succession of the Gonzague family, of which no member now exists, that the adventurer who has just been arrested was able for 15 years to abuse the public credulity. His trial will, without doubt, bring to light many curious facts."

——"IN connection with the above scheme [for the benefit of the Indians], Las Casas, unfortunately for his repute in after ages, added another provision, namely, that each Spanish resident in the island should have license to import a dozen or so of negro slaves.

The origin of this suggestion was, as he informs us, that the colonist had told him, that if license were given them to import a dozen negro slaves each, they, the colonists, would then set free the Indians. And so, recollecting that statement of the colonists, he he added this provision. Las Casas, writing his history in his old age, thus frankly owns his error: 'This advice, that license should be given to bring negro slaves to these lands, the clerigo Casas first gave, not heeding the injustice with which the Portuguese take them and make them slaves; which advice, after he had apprehended the nature of the thing, he would not have given for all he had in the world. For he always held that they had been made slaves unjustly and tyrannically; for the same reason holds good of them as of the Indians.' The above confession is delicately and truthfully worded—'not heeding'—he does not say, not being aware of; but though it was a matter known to him, his moral sense was not watchful, as it were, about it. We must be careful not to press the admission of a generous mind too far, or to exaggerate the importance of the suggestion of Las Casas." *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondmen.*

——A LETTER from Vienna, of the 27th, in the *Lloyd*, states, that preparations have been begun for the entry of the Emperor on his return from Hungary. Not less than eight triumphal arches are to be erected. The Vienna correspondent of the *Chronicle*, in describing the young Emperor's reception in Hungary, says:

The *Elyens* are few and far between, "*Vivat*" being the *mot d'ordre* for the peasantry. This particularly struck the young monarch at a certain village near Neutra, where the country population, that had been hunted up by the gendarmes to salute the Emperor, had assembled by the roadside for that purpose.—"Why "*Vivat?*" exclaimed the monarch to the Richter; "can they not shout "*Elyen?*" "Sire," replied the official, scratching his head, "it is difficult to explain the reason to your Majesty." "Fear nothing," replied the Sovereign, "and speak out." "Well, sire, I have done my best with them; but when they cry "*Elyen!*" they always add the name of Kossuth, from mere habit. I thought it better, therefore, to teach them to cry "*Vivat!*"

——BASSUAGE in his history of the dispersion of the Jews, which is appended to "Jahn's Hebrew Commonwealth," relates the following circumstance:

"Alexander the Great sent a colony of Jews to people Alexandria, and he granted them equal privileges with the Macedonians. It is said that the Egyptians appeared before Alexander and requested that the Jews might be forced to reimburse the value of gold, silver and precious stones, which their ancestors had lent them at their departure from Egypt under Moses. The Jews allowed the justness of the claim of the Egyptians, and consented to pay them, provided, that they too, would satisfy their demands for the services of 400 years which their fathers had rendered to the Egyptians. Alexander decided that the claims of the Egyptians and Jews balanced each other. The latter are so assured of the truth of this tradition, that they perpetuate the memory of this decision by a yearly festival in the month of March." (Hodg. de vers, Græc. Lib. III. pars. 1, p. 221.)